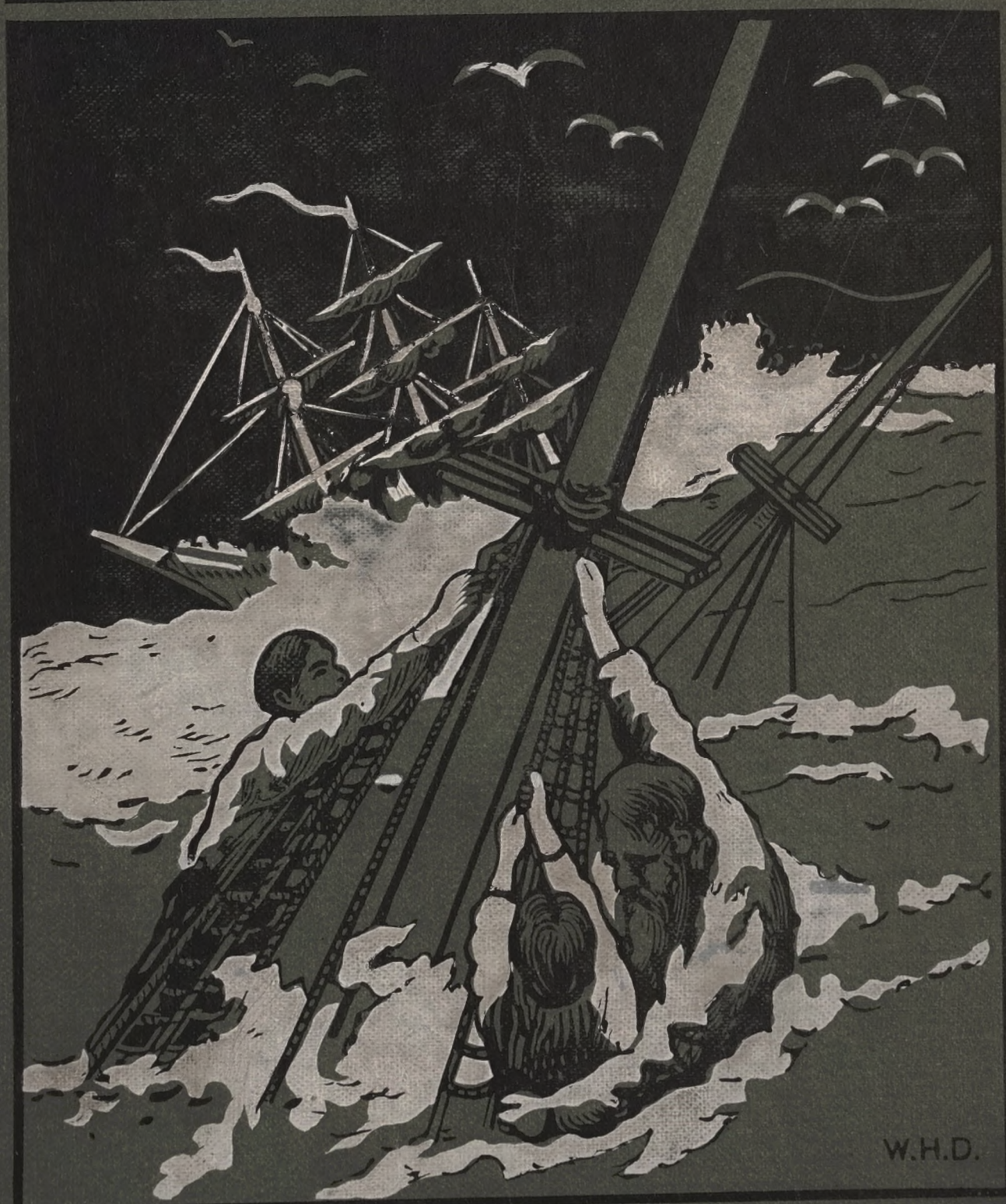
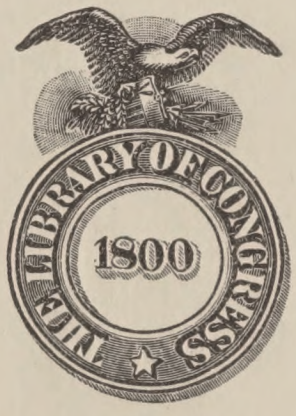
TWO OF THE BEST

By

DOROTHY QUIGLEY.





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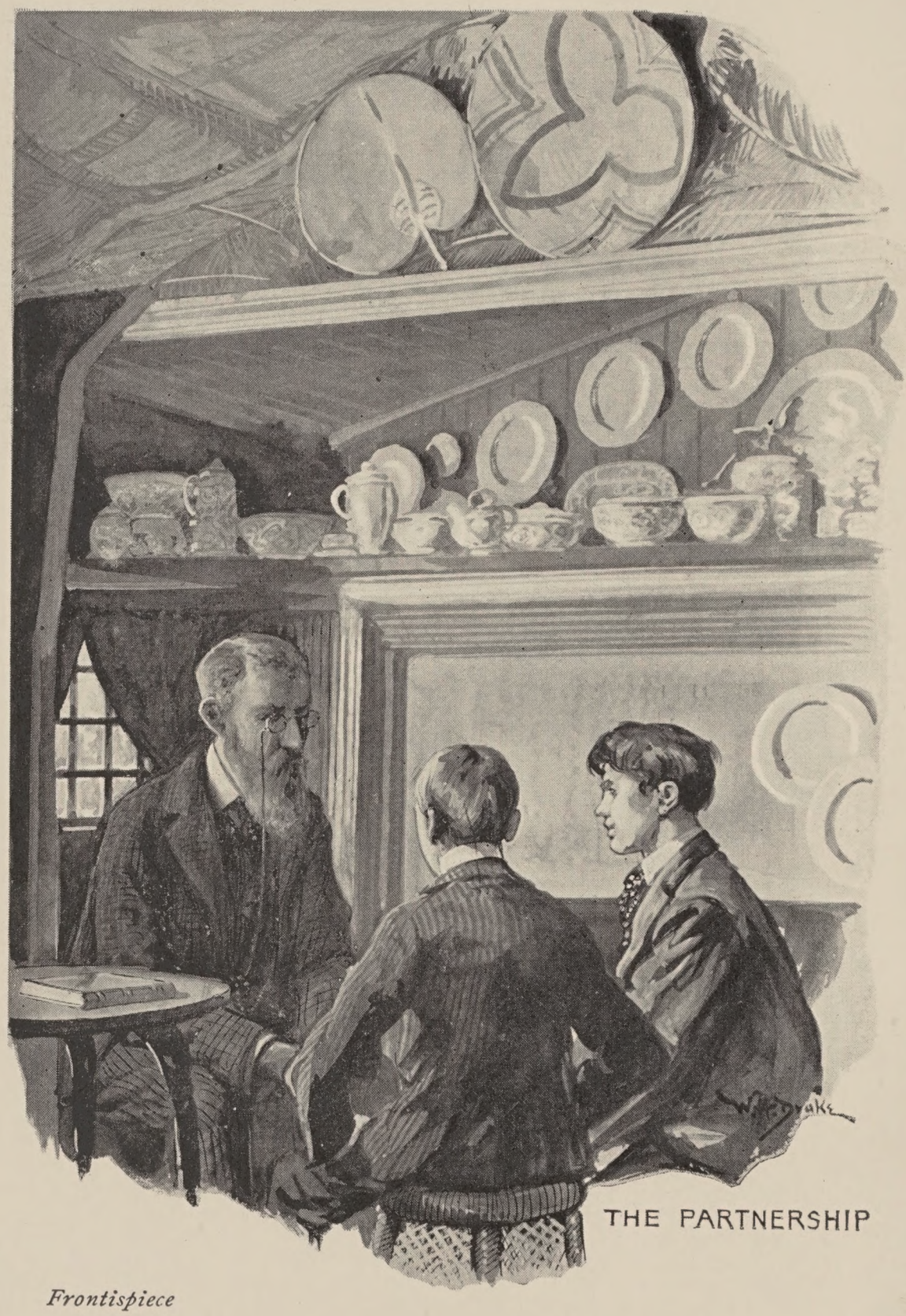

THE PARTNERSHIP

Frontispiece

TWO OF THE BEST

BY

DOROTHY QUIGLEY

AUTHOR OF "EVERYBODY'S FAIRY GODMOTHER," "SUCCESS IS FOR YOU"
"THE WAY TO KEEP YOUNG," AND "WHAT DRESS MAKES OF US"

ILLUSTRATED BY WM. H. DRAKE

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TWO OF THE BEST

CHAPTER I

WHAT ROWDY DID

A THOUGHT flashed into Rowdy's mind. He suddenly left the group of boys who had come down with him that morning to see the steamer on which his father was sailing for Peru. They were so deeply interested in watching the passengers go aboard that they did not miss Rowdy for some time. When they did, they thought he had gone to say good-by again to his father.

Rowdy had resolved to do something else. He ran as fast as he could down the dark, dirty wharf to the street. He

jumped on a cable-car. It sped swiftly along, but, quickly as it went, it seemed slow to Rowdy. He had an impulse to swing off the car and run. He was angry every time it stopped for passengers. He scowled at them for making him lose time. The car waited a minute for a pretty girl, who was running to get on it. Rowdy muttered to himself, and gave her such an angry look she was astonished; but, having a kind heart, she whispered, pityingly, "Poor little boy, are you in trouble?"

"Naw!" scornfully snapped Rowdy.

Fortunately for him, the car stopped but a few times. When he came to the crossing near the house in which he lived, he leaped off so quickly he seemed to fly. He ran rapidly down two blocks and stopped in front of an old, two-story house. Nobody was at home.

"What luck!" thought Rowdy.

The front door was locked. He sped

around to the side of the house and down an alley into a little yard upon which the kitchen opened. He put his hand through a broken pane in the kitchen window and, raising it, jumped into the house. He went up-stairs three steps at a time. He bounded into his bedroom, grabbed a pillow, pulled off the case, and ran to his bureau. He jerked open a drawer, and as fast as his fingers could move he stuffed into the pillow-case shirts, socks, and collars. Snatching a coat that was hanging on the door, he flung himself out of the room, saying : " I bet they won't search for me when they see I' ve taken my things."

Suddenly he wheeled around and rushed back into the room and took from over his bed an old-fashioned locket. It was made of thin gold, worn thinner by much handling. Its cover was gone. In it was the picture of a woman's face of rare loveliness. Whoever looked upon it was gladdened by the bright smile that parted the

tender lips and shone in the honest eyes. It was the picture of Rowdy's mother, who had died a week after he was born. He often talked to it, and once, when in great trouble, he prayed to it.

He ran from the room with a whoop, slid down the banisters, plunged through the kitchen and out of the window, and, with head bent forward and heels flying, galloped down the street.

He swung on to a Market Street cable-car, and sat down, mopping his face with an old silk handkerchief, and panting like a tired dog. His heart beat so loudly he thought he could hear it. It seemed as if the pulse at his wrists and temples would throb through his skin. He could hardly sit still. He felt as if he must get out and push the car to make it go faster, faster! Before it reached the terminus at the wharf, Rowdy was hanging on the front step, ready to leap off like a frightened hare. He hurried along the wharf,

slackening his pace a bit as he came near the steamer. The boys did not see him. The gong had just sounded for all persons not going to South America to go ashore. Rowdy quickly sidled up the gangplank. The officer in charge stopped him, shouting: "Here! You young rascal! Off with you! No one is allowed aboard now."

Rowdy wriggled out of his grasp, panting: "I must go on board a second. These things belong to one of the firemen."

A quarrel in the crowd on the wharf attracted the officer's attention. Rowdy slipped by him on to the deck. He ran along it unobserved, and, dodging below, threw his bundle into the donkey-boiler room. He then went above, and was soon lost in the crowd. The gangplank was drawn up. When the steamer moved away from its dock, he was standing forward among the steerage passengers, trying to attract the attention of the boys

who had come down with him to see his "Governor" off.

The boys finally saw him. They were dumfounded with astonishment for a second, and then they gave a wild whoop of admiration. They hurrahed their good-bys with resounding cheers. Rowdy sprang upon a seat, and, with the sure and easy freedom of a bird, balanced himself on one foot, flinging the other out into the air as he whirled his hat gaily at the boys.

Nat Ryan, destined to be the leader now that Rowdy had gone, pointed to him and declaimed:

"'The boy stood on the steerage deck,
Where none but him had fled'"—

"He won't cry 'Father,' I bet," interrupted Dan Upton, who was quick to see a point.

"How do you know his father did n't take him with him?" demanded Mel Dickinson.

"Do you s'pose Rowdy 'd been in the steerage if his father had?" asked Dan, mockingly. "I know his father don't care a red cent for him, and if he finds out Rowdy 's on board, he 'll have him sent back the first chance he gets," continued Dan.

"I 'll bet he 'll be found out 'fore night and we 'll see him dodging round here to-morrow," said George Aulick, enviously.

"Not by a long sight," protested big-hearted Mel Dickinson, who loved Rowdy like a brother, and stood by his friends ready to help or defend them as faithfully as a Newfoundland dog. "He won't go sneaking behind boilers and stowing away. He 'll walk among the steerage folks as if he was one of 'em and everybody will think he is. D' ye see? Rowdy is the smartest feller that ever lived," announced Mel, growing enthusiastic, and pleased with the fact that he commanded the attention of the group. "When

Rowdy was only nine his father was going to China, and Rowdy and Charlie Bush sneaked on board and stowed away behind the boiler in the engine-room. They covered themselves with the stringy stuff the engineers clean the boilers with. When the oiler came round to get his rags, he grabbed a bundle of 'em, but some wouldn't come loose. He had hold of Rowdy's hair," explained Mel, laughing. "You can just guess Rowdy was glib. As the man hauled him out, Rowdy said: 'If you don't mind, I 'd rather have the oil first and the combing after.' The man thought this was sassy and gave him a cuff on the ear, and would have finished him, only he saw Charlie Bush's feet sticking out from under the pile of rags. He pulled Charlie out by his feet. The oiler was huffy, I can tell you. He wanted to know how many more there were. Rowdy told him only two of 'em and that they were all alone in the world, and they had hidden

in the engine-room 'cause they wanted to be a chief like him. You see the man was n't a chief," snickered Mel, nudging Nat Ryan in the ribs; "but it tickled him so to be taken for one, that he said a good word for the boys to the first engineer, who was a bully feller and fixed it with the chief for the boys to stay, if they were willing to work. They said they were. They cleaned cylinders and fetched and carried and helped everybody in the engine-room, from the chief down to the coal-heaver. When they got to Shanghai, where Rowdy's father was, Rowdy had to do a heap of dodging, but one day he had hold of a door-knob to go into a house and his father had hold of the same knob to come out. Course they ran into each other. Rowdy's father was so hopping mad, he could do nothing but swear for five minutes. Course he wanted to know what brought Rowdy to that country. Rowdy told him the steamship *Japan* to

Yokohama and the *Costa Rica* to Shanghai. His father told him he'd have to take those steamers and go straight back. Rowdy would n't do it until the American consul got after him. His father told the consul that Rowdy had run away from school——"

"Rats!" interrupted Nat Ryan. "His father did n't know he ever went to school. He never did a thing for Rowdy, the Meads say."

"Yes, he did. He gave the Meads some money for him. But it was fixed that Rowdy should work for his board. You see, boys," continued Mel, "Rowdy's had lots of experience for one of his age. He's twelve now."

"More 'n any of us," said Nat, "and we ain't tied to anybody's apron-string either."

CHAPTER II

GREAT CHANGES FOR ROWDY

WHILE the poor boys of the street were discussing Rowdy, he was as happy as a squirrel in a nut tree. He screened himself in a group that stood with eyes turned longingly toward San Francisco until that proud city set on hills seemed but a vanishing figure in a cloud. As soon as the steamer passed through the Golden Gate, Rowdy went below and stealthily managed to get his bundle out

of the donkey-boiler room without anybody's seeing him. He looked for a berth, and took the first clean one he saw, putting his pillow-case of clothes at the head of the bunk. Not much attention is given to steerage passengers and nobody troubled Rowdy.

He made the acquaintance of two negro minstrel performers. They sang plantation songs, accompanying themselves on their banjos. Rowdy, who had a keen ear for music, joined in the choruses. As he could dance a jig and sing popular ditties, the minstrels asked him to join them. They also asked a quiet boy who played the violin in a remarkably clever way. This odd company made the evenings pass pleasantly for the steerage folk, and soon attracted the attention of the first-cabin passengers, who were ever ready for fresh amusements.

One evening when the minstrels were giving their usual entertainment, Rowdy

saw his father and the chief engineer coming forward. His comrades did not know his father was on board. Rowdy slipped away from his companions without saying a word. His father and the chief engineer went to the minstrels, and, after a little chat with them, asked them to sing over again the song they had just finished. The minstrels, missing Rowdy, shouted, "Lowell! Lowell!"

"That 's my name," answered Rowdy's father, in some surprise.

"It 's the name of one of our jolliest singers," replied the head minstrel.

Rowdy not responding to their call, the minstrels strummed on their banjos and sang several darky melodies without him.

Rowdy had gone down the gangway at the other side of the ship, never thinking his father would come there. It was a cul-de-sac, and there was but one way out of it. To Rowdy's dismay, the chief

engineer, who wished to show Mr. Lowell something, led him down the gangplank. Rowdy could neither run nor hide, and stood facing the men as they came down.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" exclaimed Mr. Lowell, glaring in angry surprise at Rowdy.

"Going to South America," answered Rowdy, fearlessly.

"With whom?" demanded his father.

"Myself," said Rowdy, grinning.

"Who is paying your way?" persisted Mr. Lowell.

"That 's my affair," responded Rowdy, scowling furtively at the chief engineer.

Mr. Lowell uttered an unrepeatable oath, and, turning away in disgust from his son, mounted the gangway.

The next evening all the steerage passengers were upon the forward deck. The boys and the minstrels were singing and playing, as usual. Rowdy was in high spirits and danced gaily. He had heard

nothing from his father, and had concluded that he was ashamed to own a stowaway as a son.

Rowdy was dancing and singing when he suddenly heard his father saying, "There he is! That 's the young rascal!" He turned, and saw his father and the chief engineer.

Mr. Lowell took Rowdy by the collar and led him off to the captain.

"Where 's your ticket, young man?" sternly demanded the captain.

"I don't know. I have n't seen it," saucily answered Rowdy. The captain, not at all pleased with this insolent answer, requested the chief engineer to take charge of Rowdy and put him to work.

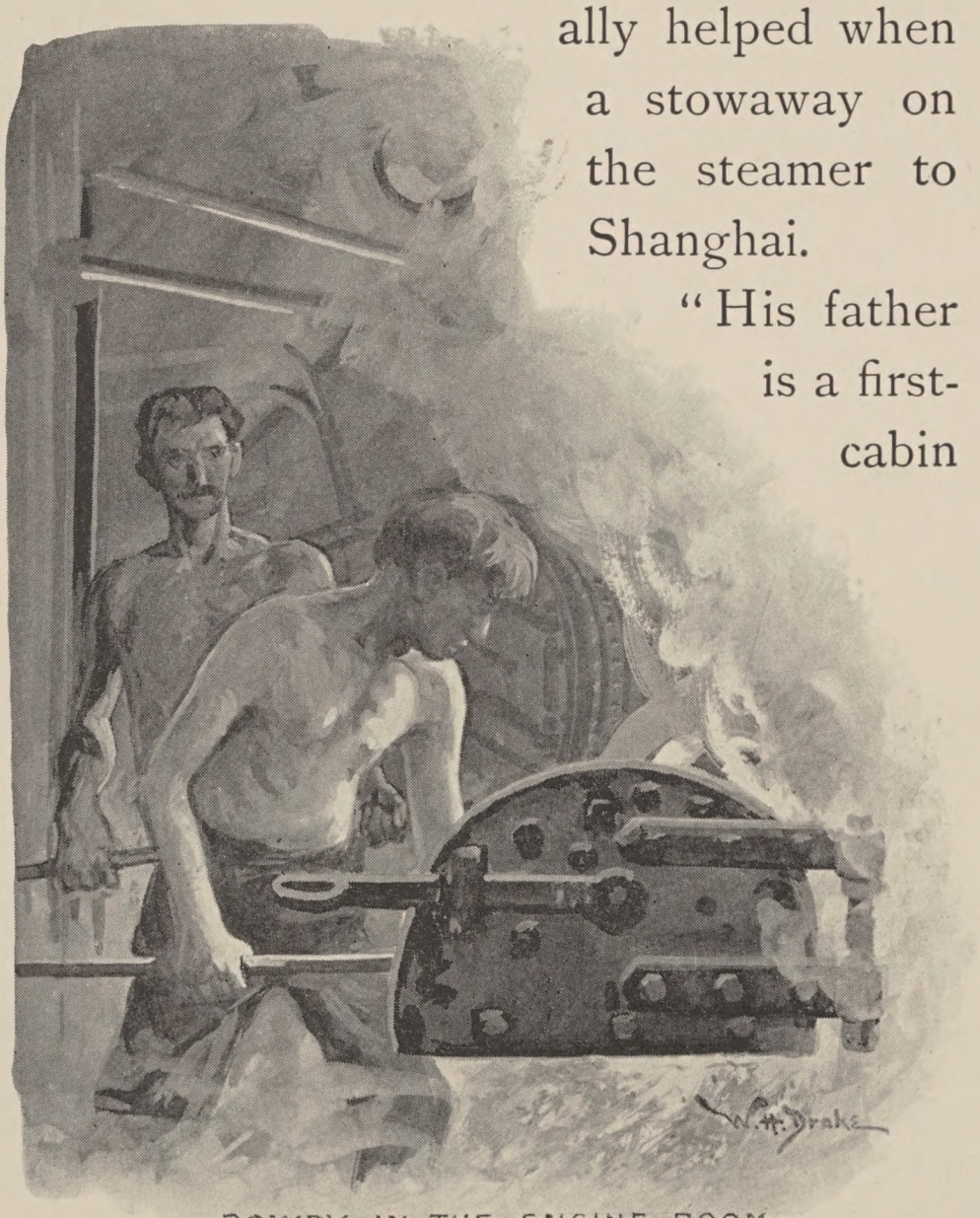
"Make him earn his passage till you can put him aboard a return steamer for San Francisco," said Mr. Lowell.

The chief took Rowdy down to the engine-room and, turning him over to the first engineer, said: "Need somebody to

shovel coal, don't you? Here's a young man out of work."

"And out of luck," muttered Rowdy, remembering with a sickening feeling the hot, dirty stokehole in which he occasionally helped when a stowaway on the steamer to Shanghai.

"His father is a first-cabin



ROWDY IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

passenger, but refuses to put up for this scapegrace, who tried to steal a passage. Make him sweat for his bread," said the chief as he mounted the steep iron ladder.

In a short time, Rowdy, stripped to the waist, was heaving coal and raking the red-hot furnaces, that gleamed, crackled, and glowed with a fierce heat that scorched his face and hands. The red glare blinded him and the hot air almost suffocated him. He shovelled with an unsteady hand and foot, and at times it seemed as if he would slip and lurch forward into the cave of flames. The thud, thud of the engine deafened him, and the smell of the oil and the rolling motion of the ship made him dizzy and sick. He was angry with his father. He would see that he was kept at work, and the harder it was the more his father, who was a boon companion of the chief engineer, would approve of it.

" Better heave away, young fellow," said an old coal-passer, not unkindly. He was

a bit of a philosopher, and added, cheerily : "The sooner yer see yer can't get something for nothing in this world, the more of a man yer'll be. It 's a deal sight better to be a coal-heaver than a stowaway. This is work. You 're some account in this world when yer work. Thank God for work, sez I."

The story of Rowdy's discovery was told not only in the steerage, but on the upper deck. Some companions of his father went down into the stokehole to see the bright little chap of whom they had heard. They grumbled at the hotness, the darkness, and the closeness of the place. One and all took a liking to Rowdy. He looked like an imp of fire. His square, well-knit body, bared to the waist, already gave signs of strength. His large, dark eyes shone and his even white teeth gleamed in the fire-flame as he laughed at some remark of the wittiest of his visitors. He hated his work. He

resented their coming, but he was not going to let them know he cared. He faced his furnace with neither a whine nor a grumble.

"How do you like working your passage?" queried the most disagreeable of his callers.

"Jolly job feeding fire," readily answered Rowdy, tossing a shovelful into the blazing furnace as if he liked to do it.

"Bah! You can't fool me by that sort of bluff," jeered the man.

"I 'm some account now," answered Rowdy, recalling the remark of the old coal-passer. "Where would you, or anybody else be, if we let the fires go out?" he demanded, tossing his head half waggishly, half defiantly, in the old way the boys in Market Street knew so well.

"By Jove! he 's got sand!" said the man as he breathed the fresh air on deck and realized how different it was from the atmosphere in the stokehole.

"Lowell, you ought to be proud of that boy," said good-natured Dick Grant. "He has the spirit of a fighting-cock. I wish I had a son like him." The other men made remarks in the same vein.

Dick Grant finally offered to pay the boy's passage, adding: "If you don't want that young firebrand I 'd be glad to adopt him. A chap that takes his medicine as he does has the right sort of metal in him."

This remark appealed to the vanity, if not to the pride of Rowdy's father. For the first time in his life, his conscience troubled him. Perhaps his treatment of his son had been too indifferent, too neglectful. The men by their talk seemed to reflect upon him. He could not endure that. He sent for Rowdy.

Rowdy came up on deck, looking black and somewhat dirty, but spirited and fearless. His father began by telling him he was ashamed he had a son who had no

more self-respect than to steal his passage and what he ate. "You are really a thief, you know, to ——"

"Fine talk for the like of you! I do not see that it ever made any difference to you what I did," interrupted Rowdy, angrily.

This remark almost determined his father to send Rowdy back to the stokehole again; but he knew in his heart he had not cared for his son properly. "This is your gratitude, is it?" he asked. "You young dog. I 've sent for you to travel with me, and I have a berth for you."

Rowdy was so completely surprised that he simply stared at his father without uttering a word.

"Do you hear me?" shouted his father, angrily.

"Yes, I hear," answered Rowdy, sullenly. A hard struggle was going on within him. He did not wish to go back to the stokehole, and yet his spirit rebelled

against accepting what his father had offered him in such a manner. He stood irresolute for a moment, then said :

" Thanks ; I prefer to work my passage," and shoving his hands in his pockets he turned to go below.

"You see what an ungrateful cub he is," remarked Mr. Lowell to the men.

Dick Grant, the man who had taken such a liking to Rowdy, called out: " Rowdy ! Rowdy ! If you won't take the price of your passage from your father, take this money and buy it yourself," and he held out four twenty-dollar gold pieces, saying : " If I can help it, you 're not going in that hole again. You 're too young for that sort of work." Rowdy saw that he was in earnest, and stood flushed and shamefaced.

" Come down off your stilts, young man, and let me find out what sort of a son I have," said his father in a conciliatory tone.

Rowdy did not enjoy heaving coal. He felt like a prisoner in a hot dungeon. The brilliant sunshine, the gay wind, and the merry waves all invited him to stay on deck. He was hungry, and the thought of the good things to eat that first-cabin passengers get, weakened his will; his impulse was to accept the money, and he stepped toward Dick Grant, then stood still. He did not know it, but stronger than personal feeling was his family pride. As little as he loved or respected his father, he could not demean him by refusing his offer to accept that of a stranger. He shook his head at Dick Grant, and moodily went below. His father rose without saying a word, and went straight to the captain. Handing him the ticket he had bought for Rowdy, he said: "Cap, I have n't done right by that boy of mine. He won't take this from me. I 'd be glad if you 'd manage it."

That night when Rowdy went on duty

he was told by the chief engineer that he was "honorably discharged," and that the captain wished to see him above.

After a friendly interview with the captain, Rowdy was installed as a first-cabin passenger, much to the delight of his friends in the steerage, for whom he did not hesitate to fill his pockets full of good things at the dinner-table every night. His father treated him kindly, and seemed proud of him. He called him Robert in a tone he had never used before, and commanded his son not to answer to the nickname, "Rowdy."

"It 's 'stablished now; can't be changed. Sounds as if people were mad at me when they call me 'Robert,'" explained Rowdy. "I 'll tell new people my name 's Robert," he added, quickly. As he grew more and more friendly with his father, he wished to please him.

Rowdy's remark caused a fine-looking man standing near him to smile encour-

agingly at the boy. The man was Professor Williams, an astronomer and scientist of renown, who was going to Peru. He was a first-cabin passenger, but had the run of the ship, having taken many a trip with the captain. He knew the mate, the second engineer, and some of the sailors. He was interested in people as well as in rocks, and was a most welcome visitor in the steerage, where he was known as "Doctor Williams."

"The sight of him makes a fellow feel better," remarked a man in the steerage whose health had been greatly improved by following the helpful advice of Professor Williams. Many of the steerage folk felt as this man did. There was scarcely a face in the steerage that did not brighten when Professor Williams appeared. His smile and laugh were infectious. Some days when he went below there was such a showing of teeth that all the steerage seemed to be a-grin with pleasure. Very

little escaped his keen gray eyes. He had seen Rowdy's courageous, if somewhat defiant, work in the stokehole, and had had many pleasant chats with the boy. Rowdy liked him thoroughly. Professor Williams was already like a father to the quiet boy, Clarence Whittleby, whose own father, who was ill when the steamer started, had died when they were two days out. The care, thoughtfulness, and affection that Clarence had shown towards his father had won for the boy the liking of every woman in the steerage and of many of the men. His playing on the violin had pleased them all, and although he did not appear to be as popular as Rowdy, Clarence was a prime favorite on the ship and Rowdy's special chum. Poor Clarence was very lonely. He missed his kind father more and more every day. It did not seem the same world without the one who had taught him the violin, played, read, walked, talked,

and shared all his pleasures with him as an older brother, yet advised and guided him as a wise and tender parent. Rowdy felt sorry for Clarence, although he could not understand his loss, and never forgot to put something good to eat in his pocket to take to his chum in the steerage.

Rowdy was as frisky as a happy chipmunk. Never in all his life had his father been so kind to him. He chummed with the second engineer, played with the sailors, danced and sang in the steerage, and made himself welcome all over the ship. His joy was of short duration.

CHAPTER III

WRECKED

A CHANGE in the barometer gave signs of a coming storm, although the weather was fair. The captain feared the treacherous currents near the coast and decided to put on full steam and make a run for San Juanito Island. He hoped to gain a safe harbor before the storm came on. The good ship was soon speeding rapidly along. With steam belching, engines throbbing, wheels whizzing, and timbers creaking, it seemed a thing of life, trembling with the excitement of the chase. It sped gaily for some hours, as if it were sure of victory. About three o'clock in the morning it was attacked by an unseen foe. With shrieks, whistles,

and long-drawn-out moans, as if a thousand voices were shouting a fierce battle-cry, the lawless wind struck the brave old ship. She staggered, then rallied, and flew on; but, fast as she went, she could not race against the furious gale that seemed to rush from every point of the compass and strike at once. The sea joined the wind, and together they battered against the sides, and in mad fury swept the decks, carrying away parts of the rigging and the smokestack, and washing two men overboard. The old ship trembled with rage, and seemed unable to go on; but, gathering new strength and courage, plunged fearlessly ahead toward its haven of safety. The sea and wind, lashing and roaring, caught it and, swerving it from its course, tossed it like a plaything hither and thither, threatening every moment to fling it in pieces on the shore.

Like a wounded sea-bird, the ship fluttered and rocked in the trough of the

angry sea, and then, as if borne upon wings, it battled through the blasting waves that towered above it.

The cry, "Man the boats!" sounded like a death-sentence to many of the panic-stricken passengers, who were praying and weeping.

Everything was in confusion. Only a few brave men and women were calm. Some rushed wildly for life-preservers, putting them on the wrong way; others, scarcely knowing what they did, tried to climb upon the ship's railing, and were swept overboard. In a brief lull two boats were launched in the vain hope that they would weather the sea and reach land. In one was Rowdy's father and his companions. In the excitement, Mr. Lowell forgot his son.

Clarence had been brought on deck by Professor Williams when the storm began and put in the latter's stateroom. When the Professor found that Rowdy was

 "HOLD TIGHT, FOR YOUR LIVES!"

deserted he carried him to Clarence, and told the boys to wait there for him. They spent the time, not realizing their danger, getting down the life-preservers and trying to put them on. Suddenly the room was flooded with water. Professor Williams dashed in, caught up the boys, and hurried to the fore part of the steamer. They huddled there a moment, then Professor Williams shouted: "Go for the rigging!" They went like frightened monkeys. The Professor followed, telling them how to hold on and the way to brace their feet for support and protection. "Hold tight, for your lives!" he yelled. They soon knew the reason why. A great wave dashed over the deck. The steamer had sprung aleak. It rolled to and fro as if in agony, and, shivering as if it would go to pieces, the noble old ship that had made such a splendid fight struck bottom. The stern went under, and the waves dashed from port to

starboard. The spar to which Professor Williams and the boys were clinging remained out of water. The spray from a great wave occasionally wet them. Rowdy clung to his post as if he had grown to it, and as the spar swayed in the driving wind his heart thrilled with wild joy, and he whooped in ecstasy as much as in dread. Professor Williams rallied Clarence, who would have dropped but for his words of encouragement.

Only the Professor knew the real danger, and he was so calm and brave that he gave a feeling of safety and security to the boys.

Hour after hour they clung to the spar ; it seemed as if daylight would never come. Suddenly they saw a vessel in the distance. They were not sure she would sight them. She finally did, and headed towards them. Clarence almost lost his hold, although his feet were firmly set in twists of rope. Professor Williams shouted

sternly to him to be a man and not give up like a coward when rescue was so near at hand. It seemed a long time before the *Santa Rosa* came up to them. She was a big steel boat, but the sea was running so high she rolled like a skiff. At times she seemed to ride in the air, and Rowdy could see her white bottom below her water-line. The captain did not attempt to lower a boat. It would have gone to pieces in that fearful sea.

When the *Santa Rosa* got within a cable's length of the wreck, strong voices were heard yelling: "Hang on! Don't give up. We 'll get you off!"

She circled round them, coming nearer and nearer, until she was within a few rods, when a big roller swept her far out. She went off to starboard, rolling heavily. She came back again, and again she missed them. They could not have taken a line had one been thrown to them. Professor Williams divined that the way they

would be saved, if saved at all, was a risky one. As he watched the big boat coming towards them for the third time, he said: "Be ready, boys, to go to the first man who reaches for you." This advice was just in time. The *Santa Rosa*, driving ahead, ran right alongside of the spar, and as she went by a dozen men reached for the boys and Professor Williams, and dragged them over the rail. Clarence fainted from exhaustion and fright. Rowdy was so weak from the strain and excitement he could not speak. Kind hands opened Clarence's jacket and carried him to a bench. As they lifted him his violin fell on the deck. When he first learned there was danger he had tied it on his back, buttoning his loose coat over it. Professor Williams's face brightened with a tender smile as he took up the instrument.

Later in the day, the *Santa Rosa* picked up the few passengers who reached land

alive. Rowdy's father was not among them. The negro minstrels, carried upon an inrushing wave, had been tossed on land as if they were old clothes. They thought their rescue a miracle. That of the boys and Professor Williams did not impress them at all, although the captain of the *Santa Rosa* said it was the most daring rescue ever accomplished. If he had not managed it himself, he never would have believed it possible. This remark started a round of tales of shipwreck. It seemed to Rowdy that everyone on board had been wrecked once in his life, if not oftener. He did not enjoy this idea. It made shipwrecks seem very ordinary occurrences. That morning he had felt very important, telling over and over the story of "his shipwreck"; but now the men did not seem to be aware of his presence. He snuggled against the Professor who had one arm around Clarence, who was still weak and faint.

Professor Williams listened to the tales with smiling eyes and lips, but made no remarks. All the stock of stories seemed to have been exhausted, when the first officer referred to him. "I suppose you all know this one," said the Professor, as he began his tale. He was a capital story-teller. His full, musical voice lent charm to his words. His listeners did not realize what ancient and familiar tale he was telling until he said: "*They ran the ship aground, and the fore part stuck fast, and remained unmovable, but the hinder part was broken by the violence of the waves.*

"*And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape* ——"

The captain interrupted the Professor with a loud laugh, saying, "Well, I 'd forgotten what a good shipwreck story that is."

"It 's a great yarn," drawled one of the passengers, doubtingly.

"Why, man, it 's Gospel," retorted the captain, sternly.

"That so? Where?" sheepishly asked the doubter.

"Acts 27. Paul shipwrecked at Melita," said the Professor.

Rowdy raised his head, alert for information. "Is it in the Bible?" he asked, surprised. "Shipwreck, soldiers, prisoners! Who 'd ever thought of finding such a story there?" He resolved to borrow a Bible the next morning. Several others resolved to do the same thing.

CHAPTER IV

BACK IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE *Santa Rosa* took the shipwrecked party back to San Francisco. Rowdy did not go back to the Mead family with whom he had lived before. He hunted up the boys. George Aulick, who prophesied that he would be found out and sent back, lost no time in telling all the boys he met that Rowdy had been sent home. "I told you so! I told you so!" he chuckled. He had chanced to see Professor Williams, Clarence, and Rowdy get on a Market Street cable-car the morning they arrived. He had not heard Rowdy's story, and when he did he was more jealous of him than ever.

To Mel Dickinson, Rowdy was the

greatest hero on earth. He never tired of talking of the shipwreck. "Think of being in a shipwreck! A real, sure-enough shipwreck! Sounds like a newspaper story. It 's great! Were you scared?" he asked Rowdy for the hundredth time.

"Naw," answered Rowdy, recklessly, forgetting his terrible fright when he was pulled off the spar in the joy of being the subject of so much attention and admiration. He soon learned he could not earn his bread talking of the shipwreck, and that he could not live on praise, as much as he liked it. He accepted an offer to go with the minstrels. He dreamed of making large sums of money dancing and singing and having a good time. Clarence would not go with the company. He did not like their music. He had decided to get a place as errand boy in a music store. He asked Professor Williams if he might stay with him until he found something to do.

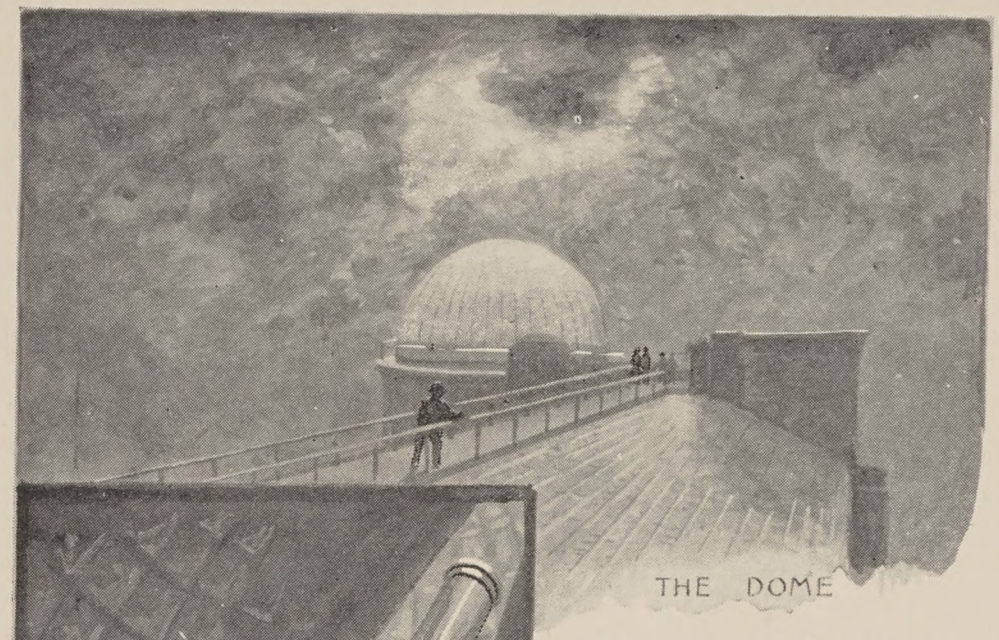
"You may stay with me as long as you like, son," kindly answered the Professor, covering Clarence's head with his great hand. The boy smiled confidingly up at the Professor, feeling safe and sheltered.

"Do not look for any work until I de cide what I shall do," advised the Professor. "Perhaps you can go with me." As nothing in the world could have pleased Clarence better, he was glad to wait.

Rowdy bade the Professor and Clarence a most cheerful good-by. He expected to become rich in a short time, he told them, and would hunt them up. Professor Williams gave his address to the confident boy, telling him to write or come to him if he were ever in need. All the boys were down at the Market Street Ferry to see Rowdy start for Sacramento with the minstrels.

Life with them was not so jolly as he thought it would be. They had a large company, and did not need Rowdy's

services as a singer and dancer; but as a property boy. He had to fetch and carry and live a slave's life, serving everybody in the troupe. Instead of being in front of the stage, singing and dancing to large and appreciative audiences, he was behind the scenes where the stage looked like part of a barn, cluttered up with boards, boxes, scenery, and machinery. It was dirty and gloomy. He had to run up and down narrow stairs leading to little cheerless dressing-rooms so many times during an evening performance that his feet swelled and ached so that he had to cut holes in his shoes. He was messenger boy and boy-of-all-work too. He concluded to leave the minstrels as soon as he could get some money. They kept promising to pay him, but did not do it.



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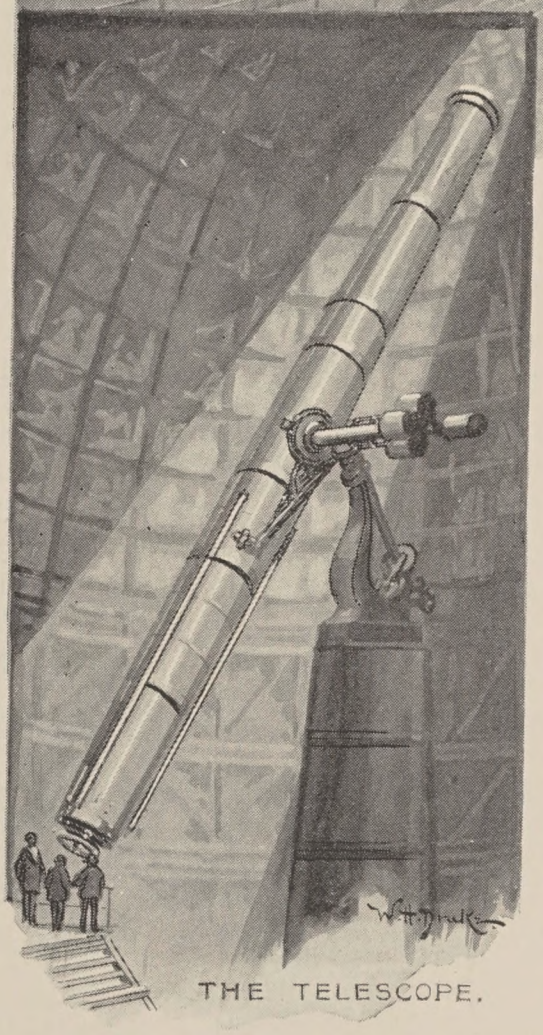


THE TELESCOPE.

CHAPTER V

IN A NEW HOME

WHILE Rowdy was having such unpleasant experiences, Clarence and Professor Williams were enjoying life in the happiest kind of a way.

A friend of Professor Williams at the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton wrote for him to come there. He went, taking Clarence with

him. He became interested in some important work being done at the observatory and decided to stay there indefinitely, much to his old friend's delight.

The Professor and Clarence found for sale a neat little house, fully furnished. It had a fine chicken-yard and a barn. It was pleasantly situated not far from the road that wound back and forth like a spiral up the mountain to the observatory. A fond old servant, who had been in Professor Williams's family for years, gladly came to keep house for him and Clarence. It was arranged that Clarence should live with the Professor. He earned his share in the home by taking care of the horse, milking the cow, and feeding the chickens. He was as happy as a singing bird. He went to school down the mountain. Once a week he went to San Jose for a music lesson. He earned money for his lessons by selling eggs and milk to the neighbors. The

professor of music said Clarence would be a great violinist, perhaps the greatest America had ever produced, if he would study hard. Clarence dreamed of going to Europe and of coming back some day to play all over the United States.

He started in to earn money with a will. Encouraged by Professor Williams, he raised ducks and chickens to sell. He became so deeply interested in his ducks and hens that he neglected to practise his violin lessons. This grieved his master, who was a true musician. It was so much pleasanter to play the little tunes that were running in his own mind than to practice stupid exercises, that he would play for hours the unwritten music in his own soul.

"Bah! Bah!" bawled his master impatiently, when he heard one of Clarence's own compositions. "This will be all very well ten years from now, when you know something and can write music; but now

you do not know the A B C of sound." His master angrily pointed at a house being built across the street, saying: "You want to put up a palace without any floor or walls. It would fall down pretty quickly. It would never go up!" he exclaimed excitedly, waving his bow. "You do not love your art. Shame! Shame! You will not work for it. I will not teach a boy so foolish as not to know the worth of study. Go home!"

Clarence begged him to let him stay, and promised to work with all his might.

"Well! Try the exercise again!"

Clarence went over and over it until he played it perfectly. As the boy finished it, his master said: "If you always do as well as that, there is hope for you."

Clarence sighed as he trudged home. It was always exercises! exercises! In arithmetic, grammar, geography, Latin, he had to learn exercises. In his music, that he loved best of all, there seemed to be

more exercises than in any other study. He sat down on the roadside and listened enviously to the birds. They did not have to learn anything, he thought.

With a joyous trill, a happy lark lighted on a fence near him. How like the exercise he was practising was the music that rippled from its throat! The lark cocked its head at Clarence in a knowing way, and then flew up toward the sky, warbling gaily. Clarence listened, then laughed. The bird seemed to be repeating his name. Surely that merry carol was "*Whittleby! Whittleby! Whittleby!*" He caught up his bow to answer the challenge of the blithe songster. It was a jolly duet. "Whittleby! Whittleby! Whittleby!" whistled the jocund bird. "Whittleby! Whittleby! Whittleby!" mocked Clarence on his violin, until the trills of the lark were like far-away echoes from cloudland. He dropped his bow. His arms and fingers ached. Fast as he had tried,

he could not keep up with the bird, nor play the quick little run with ease. The very exercises he was hating would give him the dexterity he needed. All of a sudden, he understood the purpose of them. He felt glad. He had a reason for practising them now. He resolved to master every one of them as soon as he possibly could. He walked home with lighter step and happier heart. Some day, when he could make his bow go and his fingers fly as quickly as he wished, he would write a piece. It would be full of trills. He would call it "The Lark."

When all went well through the day, Professor Williams and Clarence spent very happy evenings together. The boy would play tunes he knew well, or the music that was haunting his brain. Often the Professor would tell him stories, or have long talks with him that were more interesting than stories.

Instead of coming out that evening,

Clarence stayed in his room for some time diligently practising his exercises. Professor Williams had heard from the music-master of the boy's neglect of his lessons. He was keenly disappointed and sat gravely thinking how he could help the boy to understand why he should study, when Clarence came out with his violin under his arm. He went up to Professor Williams, affectionately calling him "Daddy," as he often did when he had something special to say. The Professor put his arm around the lad and drew him down beside him. Before he could say anything, Clarence told him what had been said at his lesson that morning and what he had promised his music-master. He took up his violin and repeated his duet with the lark, much to Professor Wil liams's delight.

"You see, Daddy, the lark told me why I ought to practise," said Clarence, laughing.

"Bless the lark!" murmured the Professor, patting Clarence on the head, "and bless the boy who could take a lesson from a bird!"

Before they parted for the night, Clarence asked the Professor if he could bring his schoolmates up to the observatory on the morrow to see the great telescope. He had been telling the boys of it. They had not thought it wonderful until Clarence told them it was.

That the last polishing of the large lens of the telescope had been done with a man's thumb, Clarence could scarcely believe. The boys did not believe it either, until Professor Williams showed them a picture of the most celebrated telescope-maker at work in his factory at Cambridge. This skilful man rubbed with the fleshy part of his thumb the great glass disk that looked like a huge saucer, for weeks, and sometimes for months. Professor Williams explained what patient, delicate work

this was, and with what care it had to be done. The smallest speck of dust on the surface would make the light of the stars asquint, and if the polishing removed too many particles of glass the lens would be spoiled. When it is finished, no one is allowed to touch it, even with the tip of his finger. When it is packed, it is balanced by the rim, so that nothing whatever can come in contact with it.

"The first lens sent here was broken," said Clarence. "It was made in the rough in Paris and then sent way over the ocean to America, to Cambridge, where it was finished. Then it was packed and brought across the big continent and up this high mountain as carefully as if it were a bubble a breath might break, and when it was being put up here," said Clarence, in a solemn tone, "it *cracked*."

The telescope looked more like a gigantic cigar than anything else, and the boys did not think it wonderful until Professor

Williams let them all look through it at the evening star, that was just rising. The star seemed so big and near, it scared some of the boys. Clarence was glad. "Now, you 'll believe all I told you about the telescope, won't you?" he demanded. "Don't you think it is the greatest thing there is?"

Some of the boys thought it was; but Jim Gray declared "it was nothing to a big engine, which was a hundred times more use."

Nothing pleased Jim better than to make Clarence angry. Professor Williams prevented a quarrel as they went down the mountain by telling the boys how a poor spectacle-maker stumbled on the secret of the telescope.

Hardly a day passed that Clarence did not hear something interesting. The world seemed an enchanted place. The tales of the *Arabian Nights* did not seem as wonderful as the facts told by

men of science. Clarence turned some of their stories into tune. The making and finishing of this magnificent glass that found out the secrets of the stars was like music to him. He surprised Professor Williams one night by playing "The Story of the Telescope." There was a curious little rotatory movement that told of the polishing, polishing, polishing of the great glass. A scarcely audible sound of the bow stealthily creeping over the strings represented the careful way the disk was handled, and a jubilant strain expressed the joy felt when at last the telescope was ready to sweep the heavens at the Lick Observatory.

"Bravo! bravo! little man," shouted Professor Williams when Clarence had finished. This composition became a favorite of the Professor, who asked Clarence to play it for his friends, especially the astronomers, some of whom gave Clarence new ideas to translate into

music. One jolly astronomer seized Clarence's bow and violin and played a whirling, galloping movement. The notes followed one another faster than raindrops in a wild storm. "That 's the way the stars dance when you look through a faulty lens," he gaily explained. "They look like rainbow-colored snowflakes whirling in the wind. Be sure you polish, polish well," he said, as he handed Clarence the violin, and, to the boy's happy surprise, he hummed the rhythmic movement, keeping time revolving his hand.

The boys often came to the cottage to hear Clarence play. They liked "The Story of the Telescope," but asked more frequently to hear the imitation of the lark's song. This they said was "great," until one evening Clarence played them a piece he called "The Whistles."

"Here 's Ben's," he said, playing on his violin a clear, full whistle. "This is Tim's, and this Ed's, and here 's Billy's,"

and to the wild joy of the group he imitated all their calls when they came into the yard and whistled for him to come out.

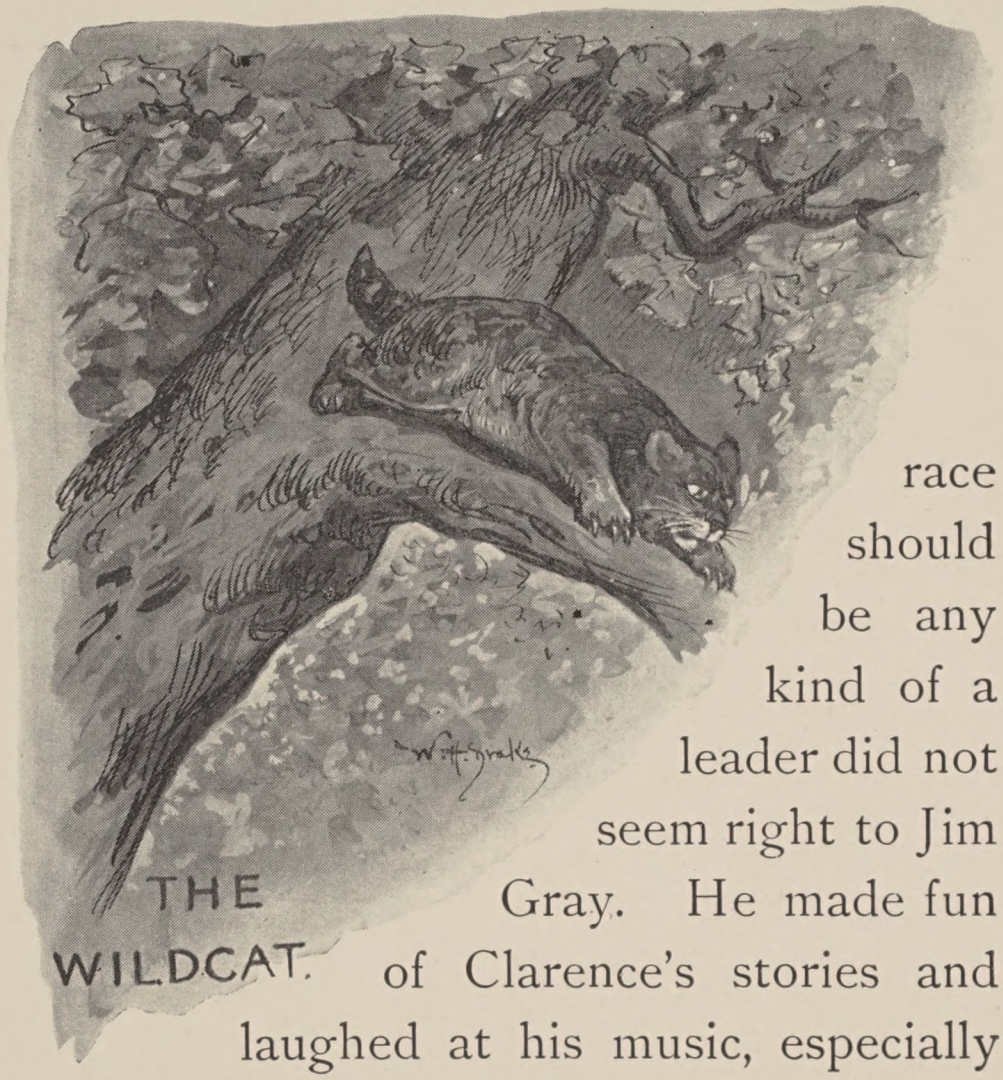
"Whose is this?" Clarence asked, as he finished with a gentle, bird-like note.

"Yours! yours!" shouted the boys in a chorus.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIGHT

CLARENCE, although a gentle, shy boy, was very popular at school. The boys enjoyed his music and the stories he told. He had a kind way of doing and saying things, and was ready to help another in his lessons and share his luncheon with a hungry mate. All the boys liked him except Jim Gray. Jim had always made the smaller boys do what he wished them to. He was the leader in all the games. Clarence avoided him and would not obey his orders. Jim was jealous of Clarence. He did not enjoy seeing a small, gentle chap have such a following among the boys. That one who did not fight, play football, or



THE WILDCAT.

race should be any kind of a leader did not seem right to Jim Gray. He made fun of Clarence's stories and laughed at his music, especially "The Story of the Telescope." He called him a "fiddling fool," a "sis," and a "Miss Nancy." Clarence was too much occupied with his music, his chickens, and his own affairs to mind what such a boy as Jim Gray said. The boys began to think Clarence was a coward, and that he was afraid of Jim.

One day all the boys went blackberrying. They climbed a hill, and when they reached the top they saw near them a big wild-cat framed in the green boughs of a vine-wreathed tree.

Jim Gray shouted, "Lion! Tiger! Hyena!" and started to run. He knocked over a small boy as he rushed down the hill. The little fellow was so frightened he could not move. While Jim Gray fled down the hill, going so fast his tin pail whirled like a wheel, Clarence went back to help the poor little chap, who was crying pitifully. Clarence caught him up and scampered after the boys. They thought a boy who would do that was not so much of a coward after all. Jim Gray, forgetting that he was the first to run, said that there was nothing to be afraid of,—that the cat was scared and ran the other way. The boys laughed at him, and dared him to go back to see where the cat had gone. After this, it

was plain to see that the boys liked Clarence more and Jim less.

One day Jim made a slighting remark about Professor Williams. Clarence sprang upon him and tripped him up and jumped on him before Jim could do anything. He had been longing to whip Clarence, and as soon as he saw who had hit him he gave Clarence a terrible blow, knocking him down, and before he could get up he struck him again, sending him to the ground with a bleeding nose.

It was an uneven match, Jim was so much larger and stronger than Clarence, and had been in many a fight. This was the first time Clarence had fought. He determined to stick to it until he died. He sprang up, bruised and bleeding, and made a lunge at Jim, who easily knocked his hand up and struck him under the jaw. Clarence fell as if dead.

No one interfered. The boys were afraid of Jim. He shook his fist at Clar-

ence, saying: "You 'll fight me, will you? Say, have you had enough?" Suddenly, a quick crack under the chin knocked Jim down. He did not know what hit him. The blow was swift, strong, and sure. He sat up holding his jaw with both hands, and glared at the boys. He sprang up to attack Clarence, and his hand was knocked back as if struck by a club. He saw a strange boy with his brows drawn down over a pair of shining black eyes. His fists were doubled up.

"If you dare to touch him again I 'll knock you out of your skin quicker than you can breathe!" shouted the strange boy, shaking his fist in Jim's face. "I 'll finish you in a minute. Coward! Fight a fellow your own size," he said, as he turned to take care of Clarence, who had fainted.

Clarence soon opened his eyes. He looked in a dazed way at the strange boy. His face lighted up. "Rowdy! Rowdy"!

he cried, joyously. "I 'm so glad you 've come. I 've been looking for you all the time," and he sank back in a faint again.

"Get some water, some of you fellers, quick!" said Rowdy. "'Tend to him. I must do this duffer up." He ran toward Jim, saying: "Come on. If you want to fight, now 's your chance." Jim stood irresolute for a minute. His jaw ached; his wrist seemed broken, it had had such a hard blow. He measured Rowdy, and, to his everlasting disgrace, he turned on his heels and ran as fast as, if not faster than he did down the hill when he saw the wild-cat.

Clarence soon recovered from his faint. He was battered and bruised, but he was too happy to care. He told Rowdy what made him try to fight. "Wish I 'd known it; I 'd done him up. I 'll make him take back what he said, first chance I get."

Rowdy was the admiration of all the boys — except Jim. They did not know

his name, where he came from, nor where he was going; but they were ready to follow him. When Clarence told them he 'd come to stay with them they hurrahed with delight.

"I see the finish of Jim Gray," chuckled little Harry Smith. Harry loved his books better than boxing; but he wished that day that he had known how to hit and had been strong enough to do it.

CHAPTER VII

TALKING THINGS OVER

"LET'S go meet Professor," cried Clarence, dragging Rowdy up the steep road to the observatory.

Professor Williams gave Rowdy a hearty greeting, saying: "I am glad to see you, my son." Rowdy's heart was cheered. The world seemed suddenly changed from a cold desert, upon which he was hunted by cruel men, to a cosy, warm place. He was gladder than he could tell them that they had welcomed him so kindly. It was like coming to a real home just to be with them.

They went down toward the house, the boys turning and walking backward

in their excitement when telling the Professor of the fight.

There was so much to talk over they could scarcely eat their supper. Their mouths were so full of words and laughter, that they were in danger of choking.

"How did you like the minstrels?" queried Clarence.

"Not at all," emphatically answered Rowdy. "I did n't dance nor sing once. Had to do chores for everybody, and get kicking and cuffing instead of pay. I did n't get coin enough to buy a good square meal. I left the show as soon as we got back to San Francisco.

"One night, when I was pretty hungry, I was on the corner of Montgomery Street and Market, and I heard a Mexican I knew hollering: 'Hot corn and tamales! Hot corn and tamales!'

"Got a spoiled one you 'd give a feller?" I asked. "He 'd heard about our shipwreck, and he gave me a good one to tell

him about it. I told him about the minstrels, too. He was a good old chap. Nothing would do but I must stay with him that night up in the Mexican quarter."

"Were n't you afraid?" asked Clarence who remembered an old Apache Indian who lived with the tamale- and tortilla-makers. He divined that Clarence was afraid of him, and whenever he saw the boy the old chief would give a fierce war-cry.

"What was there to be afraid of?" asked Rowdy. Before Clarence could reply, Professor Williams remarked with some interest, "Where is the Mexican quarter?"

"Up toward Telegraph Hill, between Broadway, Vallejo, Dupont, and Kearney Streets," answered Rowdy, pleased to get Professor Williams's direct attention.

"It 's an awful dirty place, and the Mexican men and women are crowded together thicker than feathers on a bird," volunteered Clarence.

"Oh, you 've been there!" exclaimed Rowdy.

"Once," answered Clarence, shuddering. "I could n't help going in one day. A dreadful Indian scared me so, I ran down Hinckley Alley when I saw him. He came down Pinkney Alley to the very same place I was in, and I was afraid he would scalp me."

"Poor old Storm Cloud! he would n't hurt a cat," laughed Rowdy, who had made friends with the chief as he did with everybody else. Frederico wanted me to learn to make tamales and tortillas. I tried to, but could n't stand it."

"Where do they make them?" asked Professor Williams.

"In the dark, dirty old basements," explained Rowdy. "Some of the women get up at three o'clock in the morning and work until awful late at night. They have a rough stone, that looks like a little

black bath-tub, into which they put the boiled corn. They take a stone bat about a foot long in both hands and rub the corn as a washlady washes."

"Washlady!" laughed Clarence, whose father had taught him to speak correctly from his babyhood.

"Well, washerwoman, if you understand it better," snapped Rowdy.

"Go on with your story," insisted Professor Williams.

"Well, she grinds and grinds until she gets it fine. Then she makes it into a round cake and puts it on a piece of sheet-iron and bakes it until it is brown."

"What do they sell for?" asked the Professor.

"Five for five cents," answered Rowdy.

"A great deal of work for a little money," mused Professor Williams.

"You bet it is!" said Rowdy, with feeling, recalling a day he tried to grind. His hands ached for a week afterward.

"It don't cost much," continued Rowdy. "They don't even put salt in them, and they don't cook them on a stove, but just on bricks with coals between them. They put the sheet-iron on the bricks. Frederico thought I could learn to make tamales and tortillas to sell, as he did. I did try one day to spread the corn-husks with the corn paste; but it was so dirty there I could n't stand it. It makes me sick to think of eating one again."

"They must have been pretty bad," drowsily commented Clarence.

Rowdy ignored Clarence's remark and put his hand on Professor Williams's knee, saying, as he looked at him gratefully and trustfully: "You know, somehow after our being shipwrecked together, and your saving us, it seems as if we are relations. I felt as if I must come to you; so I came,' he added half shyly, a new state of feeling for Rowdy.

Professor Williams's fine face beamed

with pleasure. "That was right," he said, heartily. "Now you 're here with us, you 'd better stay. We will take him into our firm, if he is willing to put in our sort of capital, won't we, Clarence?"

"Indeed we will," said Clarence warmly.

"I think I'd like to be in any sort of deal with you and the Parson," answered Rowdy, calling Clarence the old nickname he had given him on the steamer.

"We 'll talk it over in the morning," said Professor Williams, as he bade the boys good-night.

Such a home-coming Rowdy had never had in his life. It stirred his heart with a strange feeling. He did not tell Clarence and the Professor what a hard time he had had after he failed to learn to make tortillas and tamales. He did not like to think of what he had been tempted to do. He trembled as he remembered what a chase the policemen of Geary Street had given him.

As he took out the old locket his eyes, which rarely filled with tears except angry ones, now were wet as he looked at the lovely face that smiled so tenderly and brightly back at him. Perhaps if she had lived they might have had a home as cosy and sweet as this. As he hung up the locket the face of Frederico's mother came before him. She was so kind and so smiling, with her great crystal earrings shaking like the pendants of a chandelier when she wagged her head, that she was a pleasant picture to recall. Her poor little rooms, opening on one of the many balconies in the Mexican quarter, were the cleanest there. She made the tortillas that Frederico sold. "What a lucky fellow Frederico is, to have such a good home and such a good mother!" thought Rowdy, as he drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII

ROWDY JOINS THE FIRM

THE boys were up early next morning. Clarence fed his chickens and milked his cow with the manner of a successful owner, proud of his possessions. Some of the roosters crowed as if they knew they were expeeted to show off and were glad to do it. Rowdy had never been in the country before, and was as much interested in everything as Clarence could have wished him to be.

Later in the day, Professor Williams and the boys had a long talk. Rowdy learned that Clarence had the privilege of raising all the chickens he could. He paid for the opportunity by furnishing enough for the table. He sold the eggs,

reserving a certain number every week for their own use. He had one customer for milk. The money he thus obtained paid for his lessons and new sheets of music. He earned his board and clothes by doing errands for Professor Williams, who was liberal in his rewards. It was arranged that Rowdy should help Professor Williams in the laboratory and up at the observatory. He went in with Clarence on a business basis. At first he was to give his labor instead of money or produce for his share of the profits. That he must go to school was the one thing in the contract that Rowdy did not enjoy. It was with much unwillingness he finally consented to go with Clarence.

"When Professor talks to you, you can't help seeing things his way," Rowdy confided to Clarence. "He introduced me to that inventor you write letters for. Professor says he 's a smart man, but he has a hard time getting on because he

has so little education. When Professor got through talking to me I felt I 'd be like an old plug horse trying to race with thoroughbreds if I did not get my mind trained by some studying. It 's going to be tough ; perhaps I can 't stand it."

"Yes, you can ; I 'll help you ; so will Daddy. I know how you feel. I felt something like that myself. You see, Rowdy," continued Clarence, "you cannot be a member of our firm if you don't go to school ; so just make up your mind that you are going to like it, and that will help you, I know."

It all sounded so well, and it all began delightfully ; but Rowdy—whose life had been irregular, and who had never been taught that even the tiniest and ugliest weed took time to grow and advance with order and method—had many vexing experiences that caused him and others distress and annoyance.

He helped Clarence gather the eggs.

There were two old hens that wanted to sit. Clarence did not wish them to. He dipped one in a bucket of cold water. After this treatment, the old hen was content to roam around with the other chickens. Rowdy was to catch the other sitting-hen and give her a little wetting. He plunged her into a deep trough of water and held her under so long she drowned. Besides being a careless act, unworthy of a kind-hearted boy, it was a serious loss to Clarence, who had so few hens he could not afford to lose any. It grieved him sorely. His chickens were not only money-makers for him, but his pets. He missed the old hen's friendly clucks.

"What 's the use of making such a fuss over an old hen?" asked Rowdy, impatiently.

"If you 'd 'tended to them and got the money for the eggs they lay as long as I have you would understand," gravely remarked Clarence.

When they spoke to the Professor about it, he said: "It is a business matter and must be settled on business principles. Rowdy should pay for the hen or buy another at the end of the month from his share in the profits."

"If there will be any profits," mournfully murmured Clarence.

They decided that Rowdy should have nothing to do with the chickens, but should take full charge of the cows. There were two. He thought this work would be fun. He enjoyed his first few trips out into the fields, but he soon grew tired of going, and many a time he went after the patient beasts in an ugly mood. He wasted the milk trying to see how far he could send it afield, instead of into the pail as he milked, and he teased the good old dog that followed him out into the barnyard by hosing its face with milk. He forgot to take proper care of his charges at night.

The Professor kept a strict account, and

at the end of the month there was no money for Rowdy. There had been but little more than enough milk for the family. Rowdy was angry when he learned he would receive nothing. There was not enough to pay for the loss of the hen.

Clarence was alarmed. The waste of the milk, the loss of the hen, and the thoughtless treatment of the cows made him feel that Rowdy was a hindrance, instead of the help he had hoped he would be. He had thought that he and Rowdy could keep more ducks and chickens, and make more money. This month there was loss instead of gain, and the outlook was not hopeful. He and Rowdy quarrelled. Clarence had a reason for making money; he wanted to go to Europe and study the violin.

Professor Williams helped Clarence understand that they must be patient with Rowdy. He was a boy who had never

been accountable for anything in his life. He had not even had the foresight of a thrifty squirrel, that gathers nuts for winter time, nor the responsibility of a bird, that picks up twigs, straws, and threads to build its nest. "Everybody is the better for having some responsibility in this world," concluded Professor Williams.

"The more quickly Rowdy gets some, the better for us, anyway," answered Clarence, with a fretful laugh. "It is not the square thing to do as he does."

"No, it is not; and he will see it for himself," hopefully answered Professor Williams, as he went out to talk with Rowdy.

Rowdy, as usual, was blaming everybody but himself for his trouble. To his disgrace, he vented his ill-temper on the first person or thing that came in his way. He called Clarence insulting names, teased Bridget, and when he went to milk he jerked and kicked the gentle old cow.

"Shame! Shame!" thundered a voice behind him. It was the Professor. Rowdy had never heard him speak in that ringing tone before. Professor Williams strode up to him and lifted him by the collar, higher and quicker than he had ever been lifted in his life, and brought him down in front of him and, looking him squarely in the eyes, said sternly:

"Are n't you attacking the wrong beast?"

Rowdy flushed. The Professor was not looking at him in anger, but in surprise and sorrow. "I—I don't know," gasped the boy, his ready insolence utterly failing him.

"Why did you kick the cow?" asked the Professor.

Rowdy started to say sullenly: "Because I wanted to"; but the clear eyes of the Professor searching his face were so full of pity that Rowdy hung his head. He did not know why, but he felt as if he

would like to crawl away somewhere and hide.

"Son, tell me, what beast should you have kicked?" asked the Professor.

Rowdy did not answer. The two cows were quietly chewing their cud in content. "General," the Irish setter, was looking questioningly up first into one face and then into the other, as if he, too, were asking the same question. A happy frog croaked a guttural bass solo, to which countless other frogs chirped a chorus. Bridget was crooning an Irish melody to the rattle of dishwashing. Clarence was playing one of the cheeriest of his exercises up in his room at the top of the house. There was no wild beast in this peaceful, home-like scene. Rowdy dug the toe of his boot into the ground, twisting it nervously.

"Do n't you know, son?" asked the Professor, gravely.

"The beast 's in me, I guess," whispered Rowdy, shamefacedly.

"When you finish milking I would like to have you walk up to the observatory with me," remarked Professor Williams, as he turned to go.

Rowdy and the Professor had what Clarence called "the biggest kind of a talk."

Rowdy could not tell how it happened, but he saw himself as he really was for the first time in his life. He saw how shabby, mean, and low he looked, kicking the inoffensive cow. He saw that, instead of controlling his temper, he was so weak as to allow it to control him. It was like a trigger managing a gun. Like an engine without a throttle-valve. Like a boiler wrecking a steamship. Rowdy, who had felt so smart and had boasted so many times of the number of boys he had licked, suddenly saw himself driven like a slave or a coward by a force within him that he had power to control and direct, as surely as the governor on an engine regulates the steam, if he would only try.

A vision of his father, of the Meads, and of some of the Market Street boys, always scolding, striking, swearing, and acting without thought, came before him. As he recalled them, Rowdy looked at Professor Williams. He seemed to belong to a different race and a different world from such men and women. Thinking aloud, he said impulsively: "Daddy, God must be like you. You are so different from——"

The Professor put his hand on Rowdy's head in that tender, protecting way he had, saying: "No, my son; I am just like every other man. If I seem a bit different it is because by a long, hard struggle I have learned to master myself. I was the boy in the story I told you a few moments ago."

The story Professor Williams referred to was the one that helped Rowdy to see himself, and to understand to what his lack of self-control and ill-temper

might lead. "Oh! Daddy!" exclaimed Rowdy, "then you know all about it. How hard it is!"

"Indeed I do," answered the Professor, kindly; "and so does many another. Read what one man wrote thousands of years ago."

Rowdy took the slip of paper and read: "*He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*"

"*That taketh a city*," repeated Professor Williams. "Think of that!"

"The feller that said that knew what he was talking about," commented Rowdy, cheerfully.

Rowdy's heart was light as he walked down the hill with his face lifted skyward. The Professor was telling him the names of certain stars.

"You will apologize like a man to Clarence, I know," remarked Professor Williams as they neared the house.

Rowdy's face clouded. "Must I knuckle to the Parson?" he asked, resentfully. His temper was rising at the first provocation,—at such a slight provocation, too.

Professor Williams flung his arm over Rowdy's shoulder, whispering sympathetically: "Count twenty."

Rowdy began, then stopped, his face a-grin. "Three 's enough, Daddy; the throttle-valve 's on," confided Rowdy, with a waggish nod. "I 'll fix it with the Parson. He 's all right and has been white to me, I know."

"In regard to your business contract and your treatment of the cows—I have your word as a gentleman, and a gentleman's word is as good as his bond," said the Professor, seriously. "Give me your hand."

Rowdy clasped his hand with both his own, saying: "Daddy, I 'll try to do my best. I will," and as he looked up at the Professor his face was startlingly like the

one in his old locket. The same honest eyes, with a smile in them to match the one on the lips, beamed upon the Professor.

CHAPTER IX

ROWDY WANTS TO LEARN

ROWDY proved as good as his word. He neither neglected nor maltreated the cows. He found two new customers for milk. At the end of the month he reaped the benefit of his faithful care and industry in a neat little sum of money. He was so happy when the accounts were made up that he forgot what a hard month it had been. In some ways, it had been the hardest of his life. He had never tried to control his temper before nor live in an orderly way, respecting the rights of other people. A wild pony in harness could not have felt more uncomfortable than Rowdy did at first. Many times Professor Williams had to warn him

with friendly concern to "Count twenty." Clarence forgot to be patient, and he and Rowdy had several quarrels, which but for Professor Williams's wise counsels would not have ended peacefully.

Rowdy's teacher knew nothing of his undisciplined life, and thought him an idle, stupid, impudent boy. He liked history and geography and did fairly well in the sciences; but he was deficient in mathematics, bad in spelling, and a poor reader. He left school in a rage one day, determined never to go back again. Professor Williams had a long talk with the teacher which gave her a better understanding of Rowdy. He was induced to return to school. She took more interest in him and he improved. But his best, most patient, most understanding and inspiring teacher was the Professor, who helped him with his lessons until he was able to master them alone.

He soon became anxious to learn. The

friends who dined with Professor Williams knew a great deal, and they were still studying something. The astronomers talked of the stars with the enthusiasm of boys discussing baseball.

His classmates knew more than he did. Some of them were preparing for college, and had distinguished themselves in their studies. He did not feel as clever among them as he did among the Market Street boys. To them his travels and his knowledge of certain ways of the world seemed wonderful. He could fight better than most of them, and led them easily.

The boys in San Mateo County were just as good fellows as his comrades in San Francisco. They could wrestle, race, and play baseball as well as, if not better than he could. Many of them had been to Europe with their fathers and mothers. Because he had been in a shipwreck distinguished him somewhat; but Clarence shared in the glory of that. On the field

he felt he could match any of them, but in school and in their homes he felt defeated and ill at ease. They were cleaner, more gently-mannered than his old chums in Market Street. They treated their mothers with great respect. The boy he liked best rose to his feet the instant his mother appeared, as if she were a queen. He sprang up to give her his chair and seemed glad to wait on her. Rowdy had never seen boys do such things before. Clarence was something like them, but Rowdy had thought it was just the Parson's own way of doing things, because he played the violin and did not like field sports like other boys. But Alfred Dey, one of the heaviest kickers on the football team, was the one who treated his mother as if there were nobody in the world as nice as she was. She was kinder to Rowdy than any other woman he had ever met. He liked her immensely, and tried to behave in her presence in the politest way

he knew how. He had jeered at Clarence for cleaning his nails and being so careful as to wear fresh collars and brush his clothes. After he had been to Alfred Dey's house a few times, and shaken hands with his beautiful mother, Rowdy stopped making fun of Clarence, and very slyly began to keep himself and his clothes cleaner.

The Deys' house seemed a palace to Rowdy, and Mrs Dey a real queen. The room with books in it from floor to ceiling looked to Rowdy larger than the whole free library, yet it was as cozy and homelike as the Professor's own little den. The boys with Alfred Dey sat around the great fireplace after dinner, telling stories and playing dominoes and other games in as happy freedom as if they were out in the fields.

Such a magnificent dinner-table Rowdy had never seen. It scarcely seemed real, with its shining silver, pretty china, snowy linen, and vases of flowers. His napkin was so fine and large he could not manage

it. He had never seen a napkin until he sat at the table of the first-cabin passengers with his father. At Professor Williams's they had simple ones, which he had just learned to use with ease. The butler, who was so stiff and so grave, and who passed the food so solemnly, made Rowdy so uncomfortable that when he went to help himself to potatoes he put them on the beautiful clean table-cloth instead of on his plate. Nobody but the butler seemed to notice it, and Rowdy was so hungry that when he took his first mouthful, he started in to eat like a happy hunter, forgetting his confusion and the butler, too.

Mrs. Dey laughed at the jokes of the boys, listened with delight to their stories, asked about their games, and seemed interested in everything they were doing and going to do. Rowdy had never seen a woman so beautiful nor dressed so prettily. She always looked as if she were going to a party.

When Rowdy was going home, Mrs. Dey nodded good-night to him from the window so kindly and so smilingly that he suddenly thought of Frederico's old mother on her little balcony in the Mexican quarter. Yet this beautiful woman, in her dainty dress and great house, seemed in another world from that of the old tortilla-maker.

Both of them were true and tender mothers and loved and understood boys, and, although Rowdy did not know it, that was the reason the same light shone in their faces, making them seem at first glance as much alike as two stars.

Clarence fitted into this life easily and naturally. Not only Mrs. Dey, but all the ladies seemed to approve of him. His music and his gentle ways made friends for him among the women here just as they did among those in the steerage. But even Clarence, after he played in the grand music-room at Mrs. Dey's, felt

as Rowdy did, that he had been in a new world.

Rowdy sometimes felt as if he were a new boy. He was learning so many strange things, the world looked very different from what it had in the dirty, little street in which he lived with the Meads in San Francisco. It seemed to be getting bigger, more beautiful, and more wonderful. Even the country around them seemed new since a painter, who was one of Professor Williams's friends, stayed ten days with them. He made the world seem a great picture-book. Even the two cows and the old barn were a picture. He painted them and the cottages with Rowdy and Clarence in the garden, and old "General," the Irish setter, on the porch. He painted trees and hills and little valleys, which the boys did not know they looked at every day, until the artist made a picture of them. It was the view from the front windows of the cottage. They

did not know what a beautiful part of the world they lived in until the artist came. He was always finding something to praise. Now, it was the shape of Mt. Hamilton against the clear sky, or the sunshine on the trees, or the shadows on the hills, or the fruit farms and vegetable gardens in the lovely Santa Clara Valley, or the prune orchards, which in full bloom looked like masses of snowy clouds.

Rowdy was more anxious than ever to learn all he could after his walks and talks with the artist, whom he thoroughly liked and enjoyed. But what made Rowdy, more than anything else, want to get on at school, was that he had heard of a boy who had to work for his living, yet was studying at nights to keep up with some boys he knew who were in college. Eugene Sands was the boy. He was only a few years older than Rowdy and Clarence. He was employed in one of the prune orchards down in the valley.

Professor Williams and Mrs. Dey were very much interested in him. Mrs. Dey had offered to pay for his college course. Eugene could not accept the favor. He had to help his mother support his small brothers and sisters. Many of the people who came to see Professor Williams knew Eugene and said he was a fine fellow. "He 'll amount to something," said one of the astronomers. "A boy that will work and study as hard as he does has the right stuff in him. I 'd be willing to wager that he would stand higher in the final examinations, if he were allowed to pass them, than the fellows with whom he is keeping up." Many of the others thought so, too.

Mrs. Dey said she would be glad to buy his books for him, if he would let her. Eugene thanked her, and told her Professor Williams lent him all the books he needed. Mrs. Dey's face lighted with a smile of understanding. She drove up

to the cottage and hailed Professor Williams: "Will you give me a list of the books Eugene will need for this year?"

"Certainly," answered the Professor.

"Eugene would not accept my gift, so I could not ask him. He said you lent him all the books he needed. The proud boy does not dream you buy the books for him. Knowing your kindness and tact, I guessed the beautiful secret. Let me have the pleasure of doing something for the brave boy. The books will be a birthday present. He need never know who sent them. You see, we are all learning your happy way of doing things," said Mrs. Dey.

Rowdy heard so much of Eugene Sands that he wanted to see him. Professor Williams took him down to the prune orchard one day. Eugene was hard at work digging around the trees. He had on old brown overalls, a calico shirt, and a straw hat, which he pushed on the back

of his head, showing his broad, fine brow. His face shone with pleasure when he saw the Professor, who had helped him in his studies several times.

When talking to Rowdy about his studies, he said: "You see, I wanted to go to college more than I ever wanted anything in my life. My best friends in my class in the high school were going; but I had to work. My father 's dead, and I am the only man in the family. I said to myself, when I saw the fellows going to college, I 'll keep up with them if it takes a leg. A good friend of mine gives me the list of books, and I 've just marched along with them, and in some things I like I get ahead of them." He chuckled to himself a bit, and turning to the Professor said: "A fellow came down to my house last night to see what I 'd made of this Greek sentence," and Eugene quoted a line from the Iliad. "By the way, Professor," said Eugene,

"I do not need your Homer; I received more books than I shall use for a year, on my birthday. They came like sunshine, without a sign or sound where from; but I can guess," he said, with a happy laugh, looking toward the beautiful home of Mrs. Dey.

Rowdy's heart seemed on fire as they walked home. He thought Eugene a splendid chap. Even Alfred Dey, of whom Rowdy was very fond, seemed to shrink beside this persevering, hard-working boy, who made learning seem a precious thing, worth striving to get. Eugene — so bravely and doggedly working at his books at night after a long day of labor in the prune orchard, and keeping up with, and doing better sometimes, than rich boys who had nothing at all to do but have fun and study—seemed a hero to Rowdy. He felt in his heart that Eugene would be a great man. He may be President, thought Rowdy.

Rowdy took hold of the Professor's hand as they went up the hill, and said: "Daddy, do you think I could ever know enough to go to college?"

"Yes, son; I have been preparing you for it. You have read more Latin with me now than any of your classmates have at school."

"I 'm going to be a civil engineer, Daddy," said Rowdy, excitedly. "I ought to know something to be that, oughtn't I?"

"Indeed you should," answered the Professor with emphasis.

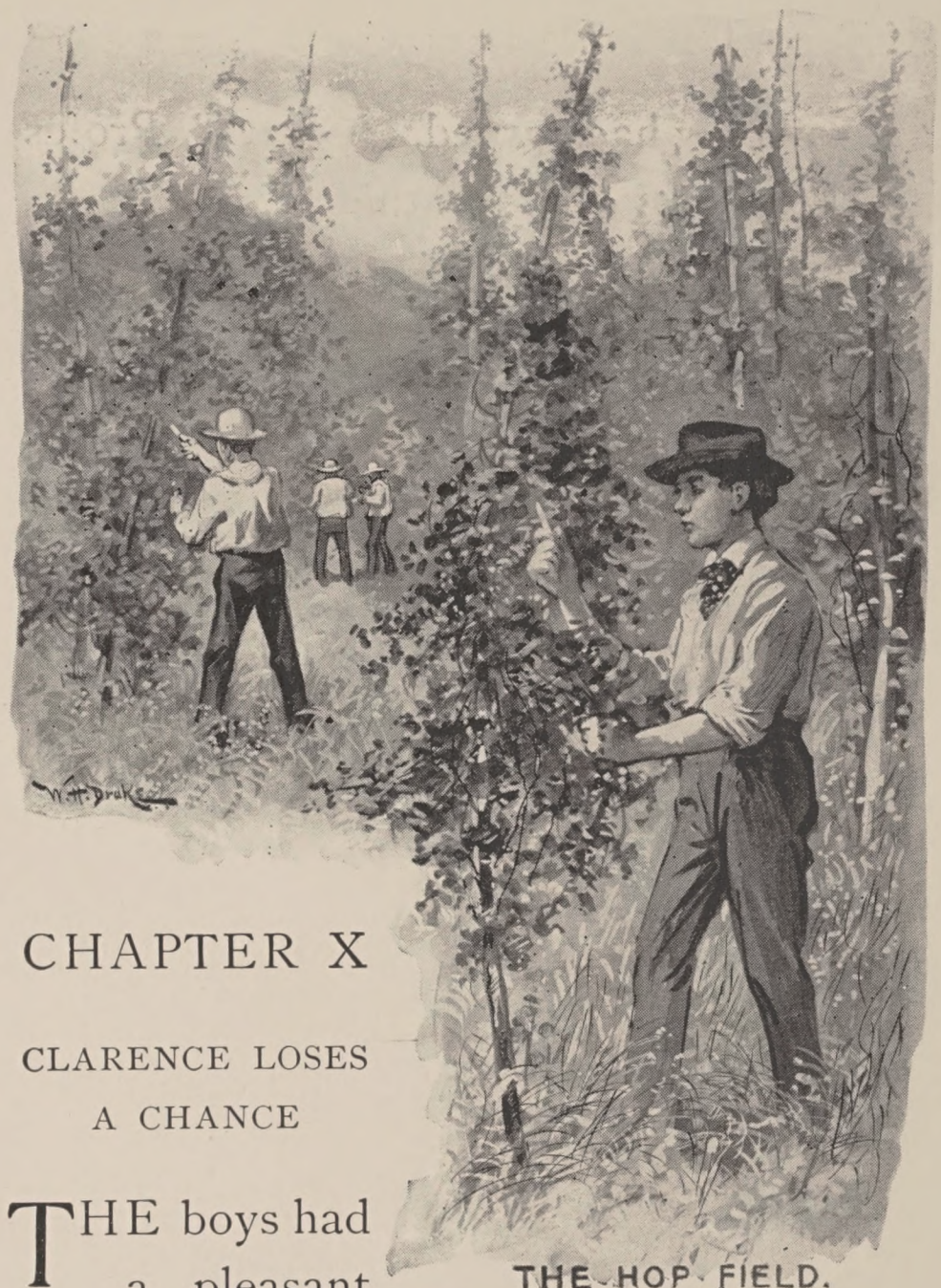
Rowdy then asked how much money was needed to go through college. When the Professor told him, he said: "Well, I must earn some more money. Wish we had more chickens." After a pause, he asked, "Do you suppose Mr. Knight would let me work in his hop-yard at Pleasanton during vacation?"

"You might write and ask him," said the Professor, encouragingly.

L. of C.

When Clarence heard what Rowdy was going to do, he wished to join him. They both wrote to Mr. Knight. He had one of the largest, if not the largest, hop-field in the world. As the season is short when the blossoms are at their best, Mr. Knight needed an army of pickers. He wrote that he would be glad to give the boys work. Professor Williams told them how to protect their faces and arms from the nettle-like fuzz on the stalks that poisons some hop-pickers.

There were not two happier boys in all Christendom than Rowdy and Clarence the morning they set out for the great hop-fields of Pleasanton.



THE HOP FIELD.

CHAPTER X

CLARENCE LOSES A CHANCE

THE boys had a pleasant and profitable summer. After the hop season was over, they enjoyed two weeks of camping in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Hop-picking had been more like play than work. They saved almost all of the

money they had earned. One day Professor Williams went with them to put it into a savings-bank in San Jose. The boys were scared when they first went in, everybody was so business-like and grave. When they received their bank-books they felt happier — and very important. It seemed to Rowdy that he owned part of the big building, and Clarence felt as if he had suddenly grown rich.

Rowdy wanted to earn and save money to pay his expenses through college. Saving money was a novel experience for him. As with every new thing, he was very eager to do it at first. He hunted diligently for eggs, and said over and over again to "Whitefoot," the pretty little heifer: "When will you give milk?" "Whitefoot" simply looked trustfully at him through the bars of the gate, and putting her nose in his hand, licked it. She could not know that she was expected to help such a smart boy as Rowdy through college.

Clarence, who hoped to go to Europe to study, wanted money even more than Rowdy. It was not so hard for Clarence to save money as it was for Rowdy. Clarence's father had begun very early to train him to be prudent. He gave him a certain sum of money at the beginning of every week, out of which he was to pay his car-fare, and buy little things that he might need. At the end of the week his father would ask him how much he had saved. Whatever it was, he would put it away for him. Occasionally, when Clarence would wish, he could get a musical box, a top, or a book, or take a ride on the ponies in Golden Gate Park, his father would give him some of his savings.

He did not wish his son to be stingy, and encouraged him to share his pleasures with his friends. One day Clarence bought some ginger-cakes made in the shape of animals. He and some other little boys on the street became so much interested

in seeing how many ginger-bread bears they could swallow, that Clarence spent all his money before he knew it. He had not any to pay for what he wanted during the week. When his father learned he had not saved a penny and was in debt, he talked to Clarence so wisely that the child understood, better than most men do, that a man who spends all he has or all he makes can never be his own master, and may become a beggar or a tramp. This talk, and the fact that he had to spend very carefully the next week to pay his debts, made a deep impression upon Clarence.

His father had made him feel so keenly that it was not respectable nor manly to spend without thought, that Clarence had a queer little feeling of foolishness and shame whenever he thought of the ginger-bread cookies. Professor Williams never had to remind Clarence to save money, but he had to encourage him to earn it,

for Clarence was so lazy, shy, and sensitive that several times he lost opportunities to add to his funds in the bank.

He heard of a pianist who wished a boy to play with him in his studio on Saturday afternoons and occasionally in the evenings at receptions. Clarence wanted the Professor to get it for him; but Professor Williams insisted that he should seek for it himself.

Clarence went one afternoon with trembling heart to see the pianist. He rang the door-bell timidly, and waited what seemed to him a very long time before he had the courage to ring it again. He felt foolishly glad when the Chinaman who answered the door told him Professor Goldberg was not at home. He did have courage enough to ask when he would be. "About six o'clock this evening," was the answer. Clarence did not go that evening. It was a long walk to Professor Goldberg's house. He hoped his teacher would tell the pianist

about him and that the pianist would come and ask him to play with him. But his teacher had a large family and a number of pupils, and even if he had been so foolish as to do another man's work for him when that man was able to do it himself, he had not the time.

Another boy wanted the place. He rang the bell soon after Clarence had. He received the same answer. He was back sitting on the steps at six o'clock, sharp. The pianist could not see him for half an hour, but the boy cheerfully waited on the steps. He sat there nearly an hour. The pianist was surprised to see him when he opened the door to let a pupil out. He asked the boy to come in. He played well enough to suit the needs of the pianist, who engaged him. Clarence timidly went up the next afternoon. He did not like to tell the Professor he had only tried once. The pianist knew of his work, and told him if he had seen him first he could

have had the place, but that he had engaged Thomas Wheaton the evening before.

Clarence knew Tom Wheaton, and he also knew that Tom could not play as well as he could. He was filled with resentment when he thought that Tom had the place.

When Professor Williams learned he had not gone back in the evening he insisted upon knowing why.

Clarence squirmed and hesitated and said, lamely:

"I was too tired."

"Did you work hard that day?" asked the Professor.

"No," muttered Clarence.

"Ah!" said the Professor; "you were only lazy."

Clarence reddened. He did not like to be thought lazy.

"I was ashamed to go again," he said.

"What were you ashamed of? Were

you so ashamed of the talent that God has given you that you would not ask a place for it?" questioned the Professor.

"No-o," answered Clarence, somewhat puzzled and surprised at what the Professor said; "I—I did not think of my playing. I—I—"

"What did you think of?" demanded the Professor.

"I—I thought how awful it was to have to go and ask that man."

"So you went like a beggar. Weren't you willing to work for what he would give you?" asked Professor Williams, gravely.

"Course I was," replied Clarence, with some spirit.

"Ah! I understand," said the Professor. "You were ashamed of your work. You did not think it worth what Professor Goldberg would pay you for it."

"No; I was not ashamed of my work," retorted Clarence, quickly. "I — I was

afraid to ask that man. I was afraid he would say 'No.' I hate to ask strangers for things."

Professor Williams looked at Clarence for some time. Clarence grew more and more uncomfortable. "It was the vain coward in you that you were thinking of; not the beautiful gift that God had given you to use as best you can. You were too proud to ask a chance for it. You were afraid of the little word, 'No.' Is it not right you should lose the place?" asked the Professor.

"I can play better than Wheaton," whined Clarence.

"Wheaton walked three miles twice that day to get it. He had no low pride, neither was he lazy nor afraid. He went without his supper. He plays well enough to suit Professor Goldberg. You may play better than Wheaton, and you may be more original, but he earned the place and he is a hard worker, and he will get

on," concluded Professor Williams. He walked up and down the room for a few minutes, and then went over to Clarence and put his great hand on the boy's head in the old, loving way: "We must master that vain, lazy coward in you, son. You will be left behind in the race of life by boys who have not a tenth of your talent, simply because you will not work, and because you are too timid and too much afraid of the little word, 'No.'"

Clarence's eyes filled with tears. He was a sensitive boy, and it hurt him to grieve any one he loved, and he loved Professor Williams dearly. He knew the Professor was right. "It's awful to be as bashful as I am," sighed Clarence.

"It is worse to be lazy and vain," promptly replied Professor Williams. "'*The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion in the streets.*' He will always be sure to have some excuse."

Clarence flushed. He disliked above

all things to be thought lazy and vain. He felt as if the Professor had touched him with the end of a whip when he said, ironically, "*There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.*"

"Learn these, son. They are more encouraging," said the Professor, giving him a piece of paper from his note-book, on which he had written:

"*The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing; but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.*"

"*The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall be under tribute.*"

"*Seeth thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.*"

"Ponder these, son, and if you do not understand them, tell me."

Clarence said, softly: "I understand, Daddy. Give me another chance. I ought to be diligent, if any boy should, after all

you have done for me." He straightened himself up and said, bravely : " I know I 've been a shame-faced, lazy coward many a time, but I 'll try from this hour not to be so again—for your sake, Daddy, as well as my own. Daddy, I 'll make you proud of me some day," added Clarence, smiling through his tears.

" I know you will, dear boy," said Professor Williams, kindly. "*A man's gift maketh room for him and bringeth him before great men*," he quoted, putting his arm over Clarence's shoulder.

Rowdy, who had just entered the room, overheard the Professor's remark, and said : " That 's so. Guess the Parson will play before all the kings and queens there are. Heard his teacher telling Mrs. Dey he would be a great violinist, if he would only study harder."

CHAPTER XI

ROWDY GETS INTO TROUBLE

THE autumn and winter passed rapidly. Each of the boys had difficulty in mastering his weakness. Clarence heard many times the cry of the slothful man: "*There is a lion in the way; there is a lion in the streets;*" for Professor Williams repeated it whenever he saw him showing a lack of self-confidence and courage. When Rowdy mockingly shouted, "*There is a lion in the streets*," it was more than Clarence could endure, and he tried to give him very little opportunity to say it. He nerved himself to declaim or recite a new piece at school; or enter a new game, or look for a chance to play his violin in churches or in drawing-rooms, without

showing that he felt afraid. He gained strength every time he made himself do a new thing without fear, and developed his courage in a way that benefitted himself and pleased Professor Williams.

Rowdy's quick temper and daring selfishness, that never counted the cost to others or himself of his impulsive acts, came very nearly making serious trouble. Professor Williams, like a good pilot, was always on hand to help Rowdy steer himself aright. Clarence, not to be outdone, hunted up some sayings to fit Rowdy's tempers. Much to his unrighteous glee, he found two that he thought would do when, as he said, "Rowdy flew up for nothing."

"'*A fool's wrath is presently known;*' '*He that is soon angry, dealeth foolishly,*'" sang out Clarence one day, when Rowdy was in an ill temper, and as usual was making himself and others uncomfortable. Professor Williams's reminder that "*He that is slow to anger is better than the*

mighty," quickened Rowdy's self-respect; but Clarence's references to his quick temper only enraged him more, and for the first time since they had been together he and Clarence came to blows. Professor Williams parted them. In his presence they felt disgraced and humiliated by their foolish fight.

One afternoon in the spring, Clarence was to play at a musical at Mrs. Dey's, for which he was to be well paid. He was practising hard and felt nervous. Rowdy dressed first and went ahead of him.

When Clarence started to get ready he found that Rowdy had taken his best shirt and his only nice necktie. He took the neatest of the shirts left, but had no tie he would wear. Rowdy had none that was worth looking at. Clarence went to Mrs. Dey's home angry and agitated. He looked for Rowdy, who was gaily chatting with Alfred Dey, some other boys, and a

pretty little girl named Margery Bell, who was so bright, sensible, and kind, that all the boys liked her. Clarence marched up to Rowdy and, to the astonishment of the group, demanded his necktie in a manner and tone that showed he meant to have it. "It was n't fair and square to take my necktie and shirt when I have to stand up before people and play," he said, making a grab for the tie. Before Rowdy thought, he struck Clarence, and before either of the boys realized what they were doing they were fighting. Alfred Dey begged them to stop. He said they must stop. His mother would not allow such conduct in her music-room or in her house. She came in to see what was the trouble. Her look of astonishment was painful for Rowdy to see, and it abashed Clarence, who mumbled an apology, explaining he had only wanted his necktie that Rowdy had taken. Mrs. Dey asked her son to take Clarence to his room and

give him his choicest tie and then to bring him to her in the library. She was waiting for them when they came down, and she talked to Clarence so kindly and so pleasantly that he soon felt calm and at ease. She told him he must do his best for Professor Williams's sake, and for his teacher's, and for his own and her sake.

"You have a big contract to fill, old fellow," said Alfred, slapping him on the back, "and while you are playing you'd better make your bow dance for my sake."

Clarence played so well he was recalled again and again, and when he was through, boys and girls and men and women crowded around him to tell him how pleased they were with his music. No one noticed Rowdy. Mrs. Dey did not seem to know he was there. Margery Bell had not looked at him since the fight. She talked to Clarence a long while about his violin, which he let her hold for a few minutes.

Rowdy knew that it was a thoughtless and selfish act to take Clarence's wearing apparel, and he knew he would have done to Clarence just what Clarence had done to him,—even worse—yet his heart was filled with resentment against Clarence, and he blamed him for spoiling his afternoon as he sullenly walked home by himself.

Just before dinner, as he was going through the sitting-room, he saw Clarence's violin on a little table. The sight of it made him still angrier. He jerked out his jack-knife and cut the strings with a twang. He would have ruined the violin had not Professor Williams sprung up and caught his hand. The Professor had been lying on a couch when Rowdy came in, but Rowdy had not seen him. Rowdy was frightened. Professor Williams marched him up to his room. "Do not come down to dinner," he commanded.

Soon Rowdy heard the pleasant clatter

of spoons and dishes and bits of cheery talk. A friend of Professor Williams, who was a well-known botanist, was dining with him. He was urging Professor Williams to go to the Philippines with him, saying: "The largest flower in the world has been discovered there. It measures three feet across. I'll treat you to a new specimen of rock, plant, and reptile every day, if you'll come."

Professor Williams said he could not leave his work nor his boys, and that California had enough strange and rare specimens in rocks, ore, and flowers to interest him for years to come.

His friend grumbled after dinner on the porch. Rowdy could hear all he said. "Those boys do not appreciate their luck," protested the botanist. "Why should one of the foremost astronomers and scientists waste time, thought, and money on two unknown cubs like these?"

"You can't find me any specimens as

interesting as my two boys. I enjoy and love them," answered Professor Williams.

Rowdy's face softened and he murmured: "Dear old Daddy! There's only one of his kind." His face darkened as he heard the botanist say: "That young black-eyed imp will end in hanging. He explodes like a bad cartridge. He has a demon of a temper. He acted in a most disgraceful manner at Mrs. Dey's this afternoon," and the botanist proceeded to tell all he had heard of the boys' fight. It had been told to him by two or three of the boys and girls, and the story had grown. It was said that Rowdy not only took Clarence's shirt and necktie, but his trousers and boots. "That tow-headed dreamer plays remarkably well. He may amount to something if he has energy and courage. He's old enough to do for himself. Many a boy a great deal younger does. Let them both paddle their own

canoes, and you join our expedition. We 'll be gone two years."

Professor Williams changed the subject by asking the botanist about his work. When Clarence came he told him to take his friend for a walk and let him look down upon the acres and acres of prune blossoms, soft and feathery as the breast of a swan and beautiful as snow-drifts. They are one of the sights of California.

When they were gone, Professor Williams went up to Rowdy's room. He had the violin in his hand. "I do not wish Clarence to know that you tried to destroy his violin. You know how he loves it. I do not wish him to know that you are capable of doing such a dastardly thing as you did this afternoon. Come with me to Professor Goldberg. We will have to trouble him to mend what you have done."

They walked along in silence until they drew near Professor Goldberg's

home. Rowdy carried the violin. "If you are man enough, I wish you to go in and tell Professor Goldberg what you did, and ask him if he will fix it, and tell him that you will pay for it."

Like all quick-tempered persons, Rowdy was full of remorse after his rage had spent itself. He now was sincerely sorry for what he had done; but he did not wish to face Professor Goldberg. He hesitated. He had a wild impulse to run away; but he stood as if chained to the doorstep. Professor Williams stood waiting. He looked like a noble general—kind, grim, and invincible. "*Better than the mighty*," flashed through Rowdy's mind. He tossed back his head in the old, spirited way, and his voice had a triumphant ring when he said: "I am man enough, Daddy. I will tell Professor Goldberg just what a beast I was, and I 'll pay him twice over for fixing it." He walked up the steps and rang the bell

with a strong, quick pull that made it resound. "I wish to see Professor Goldberg," he said, nearly striding over the Chinaman who opened the door, in his eagerness to get to the music-master.

Professor Goldberg was full of praises of Clarence. He felt so proud of him he could not talk fast enough to tell all he hoped for him. He was horrified to learn what Rowdy had done. He recoiled from Rowdy as if he were something offensive to look upon. "Very wicked! Very bad!" repeated Professor Goldberg over and over again. Rowdy felt uncomfortable. The fine feelings that Professor Williams had awakened in his heart seemed to have vanished. When Professor Williams appeared, a few words from him induced Professor Goldberg to fix the violin. He would not do it for Rowdy. "It was like murder," he declared. "It was a fine violin. It was something precious." He was glad that his dear

Clarence would never know how it had been treated.

Rowdy felt his disgrace keenly as he walked home. Professor Williams did not speak to him. He was thinking profoundly, and seemed to have forgotten Rowdy's presence.

Rowdy walked into the house and put the violin where he had found it, and then he went out and wandered down the road by himself. He thought he would run away, and never come back. He felt sick at heart, and sat down on the log of a tree before he had gone very far. It was as if he were held by a net as fine and light as cobwebs, but as strong as wire. Professor Williams had made life seem so different to him from what it was in San Francisco. He had been kinder to him than any one he knew. He loved the Professor. Rowdy knew from experience that to be half-starved. with no regular place to sleep and everybody treating you

as if you were a tramp, was not as happy a life as some boys seemed to think it was. There was Alfred Dey, full of fun, always doing friendly things and planning good times for the boys. What boy was like him? There was Mrs. Dey. He knew just how pained and astonished she would look when she heard he had run away. There was Eugene Sands. Rowdy grew red in the face when he thought of him. Eugene would think him a contemptible worm of the dust, unworthy of Professor Williams's kindness. Whatever might happen, Rowdy decided that he could not be such a coward as to run away.

Professor Williams found him sitting upon the log by the roadside, looking very dejected and forlorn. He asked Rowdy many questions, and before Rowdy knew it he felt as if he had been turned inside out. He saw that Clarence had done nothing whatever to him. It was his own

selfishness, anger, and jealousy that had caused his trouble and that of the others. He began to tremble, and wonder if Professor Williams were going to send him away. He had never seen the Professor so grave and stern and serious before. He made him feel he was unfit to meet Mrs. Dey or Alfred or Eugene Sands or Clarence again.

"Come with me," he said, coldly. They went to the laboratory. Professor Williams showed Rowdy his face in a glass that enlarged every feature. "Look at yourself carefully," commanded the Professor. "Do you see the lines anger and jealousy and cowardice and selfishness have made on your face?" Rowdy could see that he looked ugly, but he did not answer. "Think how many times you make your face look like that, and it could be like this," and the Professor turned the glass upon a picture of Rowdy, taken the day he had put his money in the savings-

bank in San Jose. It was so handsome, kind, smiling, and spirited that Rowdy's features changed as he looked at it. It seemed another boy. "I hoped that face would grow finer, stronger, nobler, as the boy mastered his evil temper, his jealousy, and his heedless ways," said Professor Williams, solemnly. Rowdy walked sadly to the door. He stood there several minutes before Professor Williams called him back, and said: "Son, you are a soldier making the hardest and best fight a man can make. I will parole you for a month, if you will promise on your honor to try in every way you can to control your temper and treat Clarence as a kind comrade should. If at the end of the month you have kept your word, we will march on together. If you do not, there must be a change," said the Professor, wearily.

Rowdy thought of what the old botanist had said, and turned a face full of woe and anxiety toward the Professor. "Don't

give me up, Daddy; I 'll try as I never tried before," he pleaded.

The happy fellowship of Professor Williams and the boys was interrupted for a time. Professor Williams was kind to Rowdy, but his manner was more serious toward him and his look when it was directed full upon him was more thoughtful and smileless. Rowdy saw he had wounded him deeply by his unmanly conduct, and felt abashed and sorrowful in his presence.

Clarence was absorbed in his music, and since his success at Mrs. Dey's musical had had a number of opportunities to play at entertainments.

Rowdy carried himself with the spirit of a loyal soldier. He studied hard, being stimulated by talks with Eugene Sands once a week. When he had apologized for his rude behavior to Mrs. Dey, she received him with her usual kindness, and after a while Rowdy felt at home again in the great house.

The month passed before he knew it. He had made a brave and persistent effort to control his temper, and, as it was with Clarence, the oftener he mastered his weakness the more easily he conquered it. He was acquiring a habit of self-control. On the first of the month he met Professor Williams coming down from the observatory. The Professor smiled upon him in the old genial way and put his arm over the boy's shoulder. Rowdy looked up at him, his face radiant with gratitude and joy. The Professor drew him nearer to him, and Rowdy knew he had earned his forgiveness.

CHAPTER XII

THE BUNCO-STEERER

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS and the boys spent the vacation time travelling through California, camping out wherever they chanced to be. Bridget's brother came down from San Francisco to take care of the chickens and cows, and Clarence and Rowdy felt as care-free as summer birds. They frequently went for short trips into the Santa Clara mountains. These were joyous days for them. There were hunting and fishing for Rowdy, and botanizing and fishing for Clarence.

In the foothills they found hundreds of cup-shaped flowers, from two to four inches across, marked with lines and dots that

made the petals look like the wings of beautiful insects. "They are Mariposas," Professor Williams told Clarence. The name by which they were known to botanists "would choke a fellow to death to say," Rowdy declared, when he was told it was Calochortus.

"You can call them by their simplest name. They are known all over the world as 'butterfly-tulips,'" said the Professor, and he made Clarence's eyes sparkle when he said that some day they would take a trip to El Dorado County, where they might see acres and acres of them, of so many colors that in the bright sunlight in the yellow-pine belt the fields looked as if rainbows had dropped into pieces from the sky, and turned into flowers as they fell on the grass.

"No one knows of the wondrous lilies of California except the hunter, the botanist, and the geologist," remarked Professor Williams. "I 've seen the finest in

the world in the mountains where man rarely goes."

"I bet that botanist who wanted you to leave us and go to the Philippines with him do n't know what 's worth seeing in California," commented Rowdy, somewhat scornfully. Professor Williams looked up surprised. He did not know that Rowdy had overheard the conversation. Rowdy had told Clarence what the botanist had said, and they both hoped he would stay forever in the Philippines, or any other far-away place.

On their way to Los Angeles they saw a field that looked aglow with live coals. "See! See the snapdragons, the bright, red snapdragons!" shouted Clarence, who delighted in beautiful colors almost as much as he did in beautiful sounds. He stopped to gather a bunch of these gay flowers. The Professor picked one to pieces and analyzed it with Clarence. Its botanical name was a long one, which

Rowdy laughed at, as usual. Although he was not interested in botany, and did not care much for flowers, he was greatly impressed by the "insect trap," and listened attentively to Professor Williams's analysis of it. They found it when on one of the most glorious trips they had ever had, way up in the Northern Sierra Mountains. They stumbled on it one day while going through a boggy place. Professor Williams spied it first. "Hello! A Darlingtonia!" he exclaimed, as if he were greeting an old friend.

"What a pretty name for such an ugly thing! It makes me sick," gasped Clarence.

Rowdy got down to examine it. It grew in the mosses. It had a hood as bright as Red Riding Hood. In the hood was honey. Just below the honey patch were sharp hairs, pointing downward. The perfume of the flower and its gay color attracted roaming insects.

They flew in to taste the honey, when lo! they began to slide, slide, slide, and, unable to save themselves, went to their certain death at the bottom of the tube, which was full of water. The plant absorbs its victims and grows upon them. Rowdy picked up one and turned over the hollow leaves, which were funnel-shaped tubes, topped off with the red hood. He looked down into the tube and saw the remains of several insects. "It 's more of an animal than a flower," he said.

"It 's horrible," shivered Clarence, who did not enjoy the idea of such a thing being a flower.

"There 's many a trap in the world like it, sons, for the unwary who do not keep a sharp lookout where they are going and with whom they are dealing," remarked Professor Williams.

"It 's a bunco-steerer," said Rowdy, laughing merrily. He was not at all affected as was Clarence with the uncanny

flower. "That 's what I shall call it, although Darlingtonia is a bully name for a bunco-steerer."

"What 's a bunco-steerer?" quizzed Clarence. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh! you don't know any more than a girl," answered Rowdy. "I bet you 'd be taken in by the first bunco-steerer you met."

Clarence flushed, but before he could say anything Professor Williams said kindly: "I am not so sure about that. Clarence has more reserve than vanity, and I know he has discernment enough to recognize a wolf in sheep's clothing."

Rowdy was nettled. He knew he had vanity and not much reserve, and despite his boasting he 'd been so pleased with the flattering remarks of a flashily-dressed stranger, coming home from San Jose one evening, that he very nearly brought a robber into the house. He certainly told

him all he wanted to know of the neighborhood. He was discovered in the Dey's library with all the silver and jewels he could find gathered together, to make away with them.

Rowdy picked another "insect-trap" to pieces as he told Clarence the manners and methods of the class of men familiarly called bunco-steerers.

"That is a good name for the flower," said Clarence, looking thoughtfully at the insect-trap. "I think I shall know the specimen in whatever form I see it, whether as man or flower," and he added, pointing to himself with his right hand as his eyes twinkled mischievously: "Thanks to your superior knowledge of the world, Rowdy, this poor insect that knows no more than a girl won't be taken in,—not even by a dashing San Jose robber, who might call me Billy in a very friendly tone and tell me he had heard what a right smart boy I was ; just the one to tell him

from whom he could buy a nice little country home."

Rowdy was vexed. It teased him to be reminded of his experience with the gentlemanly burglar. "Shut up!" he snapped. "You 're a bunco-steerer yourself. You knew what one was all the time as well as I did."

"Not quite so well as you," mocked Clarence. "You have been buncoed, you see, and I have not."

On their way home, Professor Williams stopped in the Petrified Forest in Napa County. Rowdy was as deeply interested as Clarence was in the great stumps and huge logs of stone that had once been large and lofty trees. Professor Williams wished to learn, if possible, how long ago these monarchs of the forest had been petrified. He studied the soil and the rocks and the markings and the rings of the trees that were clearly discernible in the stone.

"It looks like a graveyard," whispered Clarence, who was filled with awe and wonderment and felt as if he were in the presence of the dead as he looked at the fallen logs as cold and heavy as marble. Only a boy who loves trees as Clarence did, can understand how he felt. His favorite resting-place was under a big tree near the cottage. He would lie on the ground on his back, and look up at the sky through the interlaced leaves. Through the green branches of the tree the sky seemed very near. He amused Professor Williams one day by telling him that when he wished to get near to the far-off sky he crawled under a tree instead of climbing to its top. Professor Williams understood why Clarence looked so sad, and said; "Yes; a graveyard of trees." Rowdy was not saddened by the sight, but filled with wonder and curiosity.

That a tree so beautiful that it seemed never to grow old, but to be as fresh and

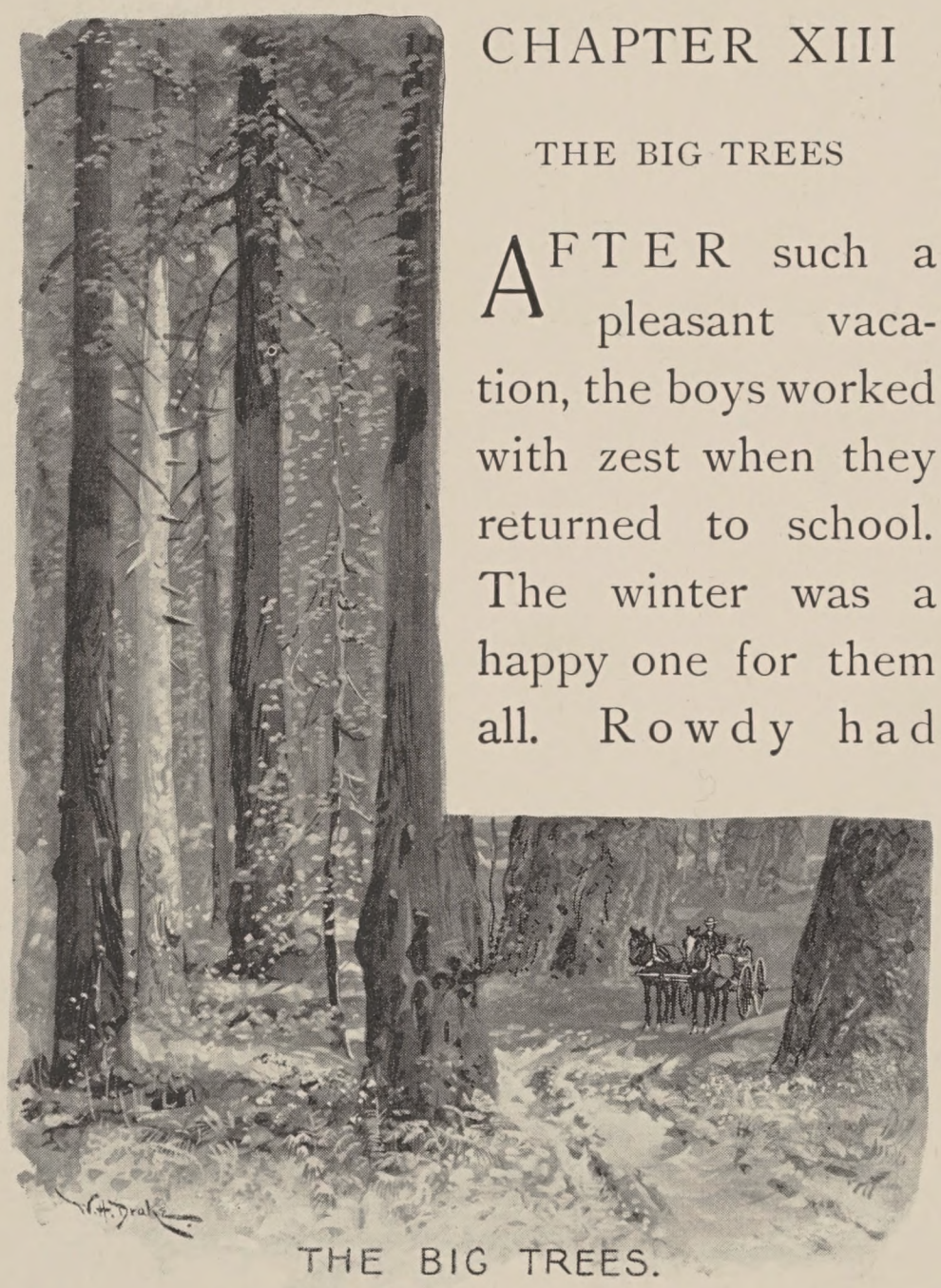
young every year as a flower just bloomed, should lie turned to stone on the ground seemed so unnatural and dreadful to Clarence that he urged Professor Williams to leave the Petrified Forest and not camp in it.

Rowdy kicked the stone, took a piece to have polished, and would not have cared if they had stayed there a week.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BIG TREES

AFTER such a pleasant vacation, the boys worked with zest when they returned to school. The winter was a happy one for them all. Rowdy had



THE BIG TREES.

gained in self-control and Clarence in courage. They both worked with a will and added not a little to their savings in the bank. Professor Williams was proud of his boys. He had believed in them through all sorts of failures and defeats, and they were justifying his faith in them by their manly acts and gentlemanly behavior. They both loved him with an affection akin to reverence.

When vacation came, they spent what Rowdy called "a simply glorious month" among the big trees of Mariposa and Calaveras counties.

Rowdy gave whoop after whoop when he saw them. Clarence could not speak. He could not find words to express his astonishment and admiration at their size and beauty. When Professor Williams told them that they were the largest, oldest, grandest trees in all the world, Clarence took off his hat and said: "Daddy, I feel as if I ought to bow down before them."

The Petrified Forest seemed nothing to this new wonder. There, the trees were dead; but here they were alive, and big —so big they seemed like mighty towers with plumed steeples. The boys repeated their botanical name over and over again so that they could pronounce it easily. They are called "Sequoia," and Clarence half hummed the word, varying the accent until it seemed a little tune.

"Do they only grow here?" asked Clarence.

"Yes; but hundreds of hundreds of years ago they also grew in the temperate zones of Europe and Asia. Their destruction is one of the tragedies of nature," said Professor Williams.

"What happened to them?" eagerly asked the boys.

"An enemy silently stole down upon them, crushing them slowly to death," answered the Professor solemnly.

"Tell us about it," requested both boys

at once, as they stretched themselves on the ground to hear the story. They knew it would sound like a story, even if it were simply facts, like the tale of the making of the telescope.

"Well, thousands and thousands of years ago trees as mighty as these flourished in many places. They were of such grandeur in size and so majestic in height they looked as if they could withstand anything and endure forever, but one dreadful day the ice-fields from the north began slowly to encroach upon the ground upon which stood the trees, and they and all vegetation were threatened with destruction—"

"Thus from high hills the torrents swift and strong
Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along"

quoted Rowdy, much to Professor Williams's surprise and pleasure, who said, "Good boy! you have your Greek at your tongue's end."

"Pope's translation of it, which is as easy as Mother Goose," drawled Clarence.

"You have n't anybody's translation," snapped Rowdy.

"Except my own and Eugene Sands's, which is about all I need," retorted Clarence.

"You are not interested in the big trees, I see," remarked Professor Williams.

"Yes, yes; we are," both boys protested.

"Well, they were swept along, Rowdy, not by torrents but by the destroying ice, which crept steadily onward. It killed the vegetation and many of the trees. Like some of the old fighting Greek heroes, full of pride and endurance, some of them stood for a long time, but one after another fell chilled to the heart. Their remains, buried in the ice, were lost. The only two species that withstood the onslaught of their deadly foe were the kingly Redwoods and majestic Sequoia—

these big trees. Like dauntless warriors, they weathered and endured the invading ice. The Redwoods, high and fearless on the mountain range, defied death, and like an army stand from Southern Oregon to Monterey Bay. The big trees stand in groves on the west slope of these Sierra Nevada Mountains. They look like the remains of a proud battalion that stood close together to await with stout hearts and undrooping heads the invasion of a deadly and insidious foe."

"Great Jove with conquest crowned the Trojan band—," shouted Rowdy, springing to his feet. "Daddy," he said, his eyes shining and his voice ringing with excitement, "I feel like the Parson. I must salute the conquerors." He doffed his hat and knelt on one knee.

"I meant mine," said Clarence, his eyes wet with tears.

"How do you know, old man, I don't mean mine?" asked Rowdy very quietly,

as he threw back his head and looked up at the monstrous trees.

Professor Williams rose on his elbow and, sweeping the landscape with his hand, said: "From the middle fork of the American River to the head of the Deer Creek, a distance of 260 miles, the big trees extend. There are only ten groups, in which are five hundred remarkable specimens. They had such fine quality they have come to us through many vicissitudes of many centuries. Fine quality in man or tree counts," concluded the Professor.

"Oh, Daddy, you're lecturing now," playfully remarked Clarence. "Tell us more of them, as if they were live giants."

"Yes; as if you were Homer and they were the grand old Greeks," said Rowdy, flinging his arms around the Professor.

"No," said the Professor; "you'd better

learn what they can tell you themselves. See their bark is two feet thick."

"Thicker than some whole trees!" exclaimed Rowdy.

"The very oldest specimens are sound at heart, and too fine for fungi," continued the Professor.

"They 're good stuff," commented Rowdy. "No old bum of a fungus can hang on them."

"Bum of a fungus is good," laughed Clarence. "I understand it," he added slyly, a twinkle in his kind, blue eyes. "I know more of the world since we found the Darlingtonia."

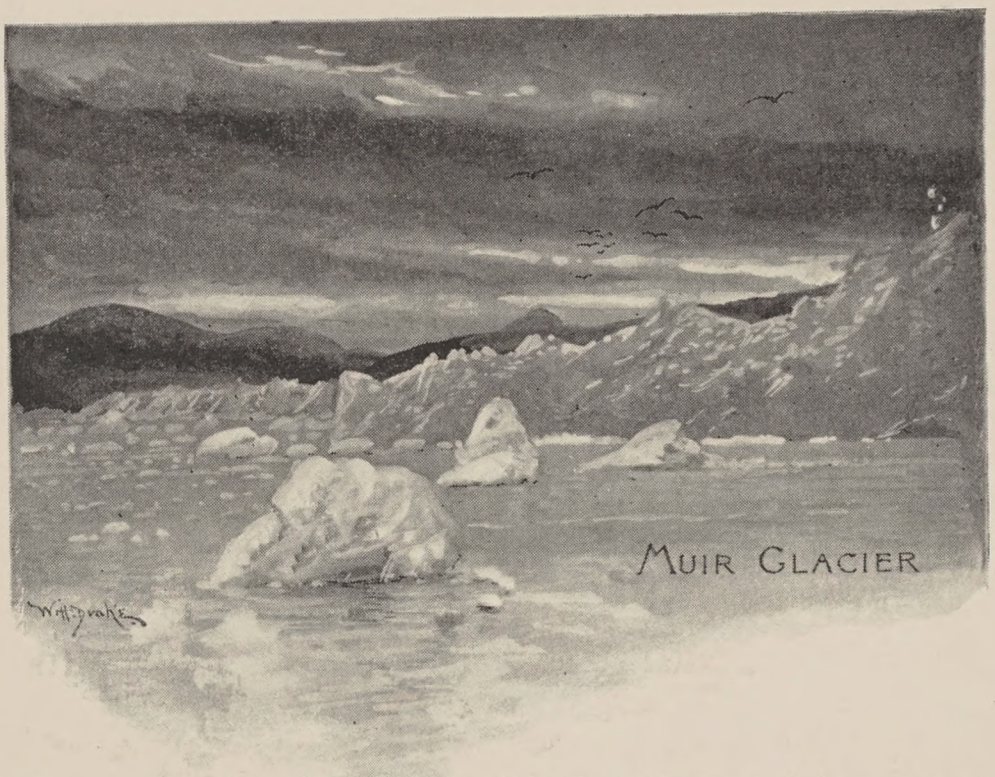
"Are you never going to let up on that?" impatiently queried Rowdy.

"Think of it! No new trees have grown in all these centuries. They have just held their own," said Professor Williams, diverting the boys.

"How old are they?" asked Clarence.

"Five thousand, says John M——."

"Our geologist?" affectionately questioned Clarence, who had never forgotten the delightful gentleman who lunched with them one day, and told them about



feeding the birds from his own scanty crust on the most famous glacier of Alaska. The wild birds made friends with the gentle scientist as easily as boys did. Clarence was so much interested in what he said that day at luncheon that he had forgotten to eat. If there was one thing he wanted to see in the world it

was the glacier in Alaska named for this man.

"'Our geologist' says," continued the Professor, smiling at Clarence, "that he never saw a big tree that had died a natural death. Barring accidents, they seemed to be immortal, and are exempt from all diseases that affect and kill other trees."

"How do they know how old they are?" asked Rowdy.

"By their rings. The average growth is one inch of diameter for every twelve years."

"I grow faster than a tree, but not so long," sang Clarence. "How can you see the rings?" he asked.

"Here, one of these was felled for a dancing-floor," explained the Professor, speaking as if a life had been taken. "It measured across the stump twenty-four feet inside the bark. That would make it 1300 years old. Another tree cut in

the Kings River forest was 4000 years old. Our geologist spent a day estimating its age. He cleared away with an axe the charred surface and carefully counted the annual rings. He counted 4000."

"No other trees in the world have seen what the Sequoia has. If it could talk, what things it could tell us!" said Clarence.

They spent a month among the big trees. "The Grizzly Giant" was Rowdy's favorite. It was so scarred and worn it looked as if it had had to fight many a battle, not only with the elements, but with wild men and beasts.

"The Mother of the Forest," whose lofty branches stretched skyward more than three hundred feet, was best loved by Clarence. Near it lay the tallest Sequoia that ever grew. It must have measured at least four hundred feet, and was called the "Father of the Forest." It lay like some mighty hero slain in battle, faithfully watched over through all seasons

by the grand old "Mother of the Forest." The circumference of the great tree was one hundred and ten feet. One day the boys rode on horseback through it sitting erect. They rode about thirty yards. A cool spring of water gurgled a welcome to them in the heart of the tree. Clarence was enchanted with the weirdness of the place and the music of the water. He was eager to get back into the open air to play the song of the tree as it was humming in his mind.

The boys had grown to love the grand old trees as if they were persons, and shared with the Professor his righteous anger when he saw the big tree called the "Grand Hotel" had been burned out so that only a shell was left. In a fearful rain-storm the boys took shelter in the "Tree of Refuge." Sixteen head of cattle were driven into it by a fierce storm one winter, and died of starvation under its sheltering branches. The boys spent a

few days in the famous tree called "Smith's cabin." The Professor came upon them asleep one afternoon, lying across the entrance. He merrily shouted: "Arise! Breakfast 's ready." It was supper time, and the boys, waking from their sound sleep, were puzzled for a few minutes to tell whether it was night or morning, it was so dusky in the forest. They lay around the bonfire and talked very late that night. It was their last night in the forest.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FOOTBALL GAME

THE next school year Rowdy had almost more than he could do. Besides his work and his studies, he was practising for the football game, to be played by the teams of the San Jose Champions and the Stanford Juniors on Thanksgiving Day. Rowdy was one of the best players and heaviest kickers on the San Jose team. Clarence, who was as anxious as Rowdy for the San Jose boys to win, helped him at milking-time, and in every way he could so that he might have time to practise. "Whitefoot" had grown to be a beautiful cow, and added to Rowdy's work as well as his bank account.

The day of the game seemed the most

exciting in the lives of the boys. The perils of the shipwreck were as nothing to the hope and anxiety that expanded and contracted Rowdy's heart. Clarence sympathized with him. He told Rowdy he was sure the San Jose boys would win, "and I bet you 'll help them do it," said Clarence, for the twentieth time. He had heard great tales of the play of the Stanford Juniors. Sometimes he would have moments of sad doubting; but his faith did not falter, and he would cheer Rowdy by repeating he "was sure the San Jose boys would do something big."

The day of the game was gloriously fair. The San Jose boys played in a masterly way, but the odds were against them. Stanford was ten to San Jose's six. They received a terrible hammering, and had gone down before the Stanfords like wheat before a scythe. Only two of the originals were left on the field; substitutes were in line and also in the back field.

There seemed no chance of making either a goal from the field or a touchdown, either of which would have been sufficient to win the game. Clarence was white with excitement. Man after man of the regular San Jose team had been hauled out and substitutes were in the line and back field alike. The courage of the "rooters" was waning. How bravely they had yelled. "Root for poor old Dey. Ah! Give one good yell to encourage the San Jose boy's!" cried the leader of the "rooters," urging the boys on. They sounded like a huge chorus of frogs, they were so hoarse.

It was a sad time for the San Jose eleven. Knox, Russell, and Henry, who were injured as they came from the field and could not play any more, stood crying like babies, refusing to retire. The San Joses took a sudden brace. Its rush-line seemed all at once to get its second wind, and plunged into the solid line of the Stanford in front of them, making Stanford yield ground a

little at a time, but enough finally to put the ball on Stanford's twenty-yard line. It was now do or die for the San Jose boys.

Clarence's heart gave a quick throb when he saw the captain call Rowdy. Miller shouted the mystic number, which, translated into English, meant : " Protect Lowell for a try for goal from the field ! " To reach goal from the thirty-five yard line seemed impossible to Clarence. Stitt juggled the ball for a second, then turned quickly and slipped back of the quarter-back and just in front of the backs. For a second Rowdy measured the distance to, and the direction of, the goal-posts. He dropped the ball carefully, stooped, and then as lightly and as daintily as a dancer he lifted his foot and caught the ball squarely on the toe of his good right foot. In a wonderful curve, graceful, easy, and sure as an eagle, it mounted in the air. Clarence felt the roots of his hair crawl and his heart throbbed. He

scarcely seemed to breathe — neither did the great crowd. It was as still as if dead, until the ball stopped its upward flight, and then, like a bird to its nest, it moved gracefully to the ground, and went directly between the goal-posts. Five points were added to the San Jose's score, and the game was won. When the ball fell there was but half a minute left for play. Substitutes, coaches, and old players rushed for Rowdy. He was hugged, kissed, and patted. His hands were wrung. He was the lion of the hour. The San Jose boys howled. The crowd yelled. It sounded as if a thousand engines were shrieking at once when it joined the boys in the locomotive cheer,—"Sis! Boom! Ah!"

Robert Lowell had kicked himself into fame. His name would be telegraphed all over the United States, and football players in London and Paris would read of what he had done. The San Joses carried him home on their shoulders. Rowdy

was beside himself with delight. His joy knew no bounds when he realized that he had saved the game. He was a hero. For a few days it seemed fine to be pointed out as "the great kicker, Lowell," and have the boys want to meet him and "talk it over." If it had not been for Professor Williams, Rowdy would have given up everything to play and talk football. The Professor, with his usual wise sympathy, had entered heartily into the spirit of the game and Rowdy's triumph. He had encouraged his base-ball and football playing. The discipline of the game, was good for the impulsive boy, who had had so little of order and method in his life.

Eugene Sands saw the game. He enjoyed it and Rowdy's success immensely. It was merely a pleasant entertainment to Eugene, and Rowdy felt when he was with him that heavy kicking was not important at all when compared with the

triumphs of a studious, hard-working scholar. His talk with Eugene brought Rowdy back to the work-a-day world again. Eugene, digging away at his trees and his books, and achieving so much in his studies by himself, made Rowdy feel that football was but child's play, and nothing to boast of among men of learning.

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY OF A STRANGE VALLEY

IN the spring Professor Williams was asked to join a prospecting party to the Panamint mines. As he wished to study the formation of the rocks in Inyo County he decided to go. Clarence, glad of any kind of an outing with the Professor, begged to be allowed to accompany him. Rowdy said he was going, "if he had to work his way." "It is a strange land, boys, we are to see, and it may require all your patience and courage to endure the hardships we may encounter."

"Oh! After the shipwreck, Daddy, do you doubt that we can stand anything?" asked Rowdy, putting his hands on the

Professor's shoulders and looking up into his face in an aggrieved way.

"Yes; it cannot be worse than the shipwreck," echoed Clarence, "nor the minute before Rowdy kicked the ball between the goal-posts."

"Some of the prospectors want to find the famous 'Gunsmith,'" explained the Professor.

"What 's that?" asked Clarence.

"It is a spot where a silver mine is supposed to be. Everybody has heard the story," said the Professor.

"'Cept us," corrected Rowdy. "Tell us."

"Please do," urged Clarence.

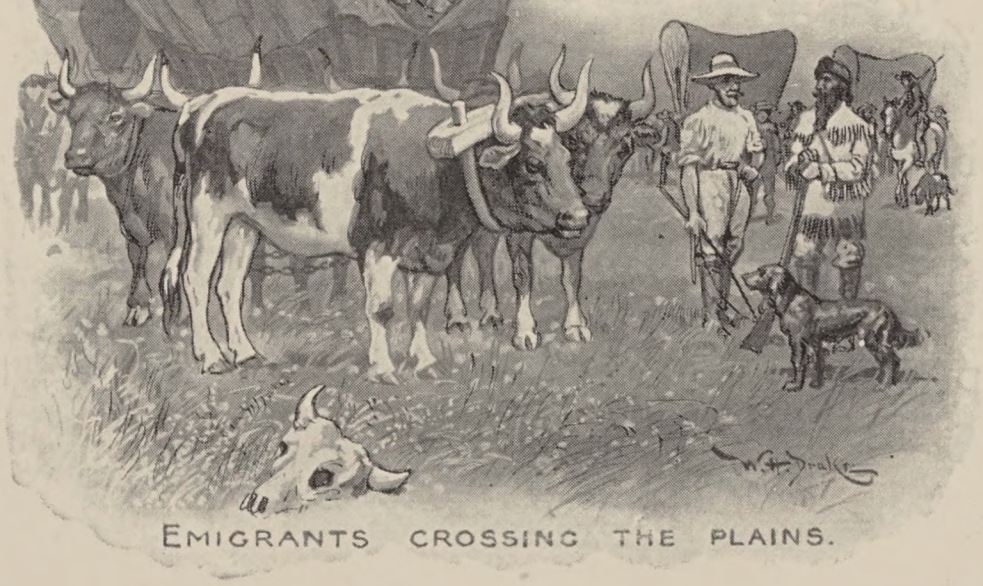
The Professor proceeded to tell the boys the harrowing tale of the Gunsmith Lead.

"When there were no railroads, people went across the continent from the East to California in huge wagons called 'prairie schooners,' drawn by oxen."

"Oxen! They didn't want to get there in a hurry," interrupted Rowdy.

"Oxen were the best animals to take," explained Professor Williams. "They could live better than any other animal on the grass that grew along the trail, and if they were killed in a skirmish with the Indians they could be eaten."

"Mules or horses would n't have been so good," volunteered Clarence with a nod at Rowdy.



EMIGRANTS CROSSING THE PLAINS.

"These wagons stretched across the continent so near together that if I'd gone on horseback I could have camped out every night with a different party. They were sometimes scarcely a day apart.

"One emigrant party wanted to get to California more quickly than any others ever had, so they took a trail toward the south from Salt Lake. They travelled comfortably for some days, but after they passed through Nevada the country began to get terribly rugged. The valleys were narrow, the mountains steep, sharp, and rocky, and the cañons full of rubbish, brought there by tornadoes and cloud-bursts. They had to throw things away every day to lighten their load. They followed up a torrent bed between two peaks on Funeral Mountain, and found themselves, when they reached the summit, overlooking a deep valley so narrow it seemed an alley between two jagged

mountain walls. They thought they saw a river winding through the centre of the valley. It was a salt marsh, that in the glare of the sunlight looked like a cool stream. After they had lowered the wagons, parties went off to search for water. Some of them never came back, and neither the cattle, the babies, nor the men and women had anything to drink. The misery was fearful. The cattle bawled, the children cried, the women groaned and prayed, and the men cursed. The heat was so intense that they became delirious and wandered away. Only a dozen of the thirty in the party ever reached the Panamints. One man came to the mines long after the others. He had stumbled on a spring of water which saved his life. He stayed near it until he gained strength enough to go on. He broke off a piece of rock near the spring and put it in his pocket for a memento. After he arrived

at the settlement in Panamint his gun needed a front sight and he wished it made of the stone taken from near the spring in the desert. The rock proved to be silver. The spot where the rock was found was dubbed the 'Gunsmith Lead,' and everybody was wild to find it."

"Could n't the man go to it?" asked both the boys.

"No; he had wandered along without using his eyes," remarked the Professor, significantly, "and could not tell the way he came. Many men went to look for the place. One party, ten years after Bennett had told about it, found the spot where the poor emigrants had camped. There had been no rain. The frying-pans, bed-quilts, and the toys of the children were found among the skeletons, wagon-chains, yokes, and guns. Mr. Masters wants to find that lead. There is some talk that it has been accurately located at last, and he wishes me to examine the rocks."

Clarence came up close to the Professor, his eyes dilated with terror and excitement. "Is it as bad there now as it was then?" he asked.

"Don't get scared," said Rowdy. "We are not emigrants, and we 'll be better fixed than anybody that has been there. It 's been surveyed," he added, with a note of pride in his voice. He was beginning to feel how necessary to the world were surveyors and civil engineers.

"Yes," answered the Professor; "there is nothing to fear except from lack of thought and foolhardiness. We take a good supply of water and we know where the springs are."

It was settled that they should start early in June.

Rowdy was full of happy excitement. He filled Clarence with enthusiasm. Perhaps he might discover the lead, he thought, and they could get all the money they needed. Clarence could go right off

to Europe, and he would follow on later, after he had gone through college. He talked of it so much, that he felt as if he had already found the mine and had plenty of money.

It was Professor Williams's opinion that the mine had been buried out of sight by a cloudburst. But Rowdy got a map of the valley and tried to locate the place. Both boys studied it with interest.

"I don't like the name, 'Death Valley,'" said Clarence. "It makes me think of that old insect-trap. I hate to find such murderous things in nature."

"Oh! Brace up!" said Rowdy, nudging him and sticking a pin in the map. "Here 's Death Valley. 'It is the bed of an old river. It is two hundred feet below the sea-level,'"—he read from a book which told the history of the valley.

"Here is the Funeral range on the east," he explained, putting a pin in the dark, feathery line.

"What an awful name for mountains," sighed Clarence.

"A silly name," answered Rowdy, "for they are as gay as a flower-garden. The rocks are every color you can think of."

"It 's a pretty hot place," said Clarence, as he looked over Rowdy's shoulder and read that the thermometer gets up to 137 degrees in summer.

"I should say it was hot," answered Rowdy. "This book * says: 'Two men slept in running water with their heads on stones to keep their faces above the fluid. Chairs fell apart. Water-barrels left empty lost their hoops in an hour. One end of a blanket that had been washed was found to have dried while the other end was manipulated in the tub. A handkerchief, taken from a tub and held up to the sun, dried in a flash. Eggs were roasted in the sand. A man cannot go an hour without water without becoming insane.'"

* Spears.

"What makes it so hot?" asked Clarence.

" Don't you remember your geography? The four ranges of mountains take up all the moisture so that by the time the winds reach the valley, they are like blasts from a red-hot furnace," explained Rowdy, with the help of the book.

" You 're reading all the frightful things. Here is the borax discovery. The man that worked that is now so rich they call him the " borax king." That 's the kind of things to read," said Clarence. He shivered as his eyes fell on the page that told that a man sitting on a load of borax had fallen off dead. " He was so parched his head cracked open at the top."

" Men drop dead here," mocked Rowdy. " You are a 'fraid cat. You better stay at home and fiddle, and Daddy and I 'll go."

" No, I 'll go with you and Daddy if it kills me," said Clarence solemnly.

" Well, you 're a lump, to look so glum," said Rowdy, giving him a friendly

shake. "We 'll see some grand things. There 's the big wagons—largest ever used. Think of a hind-wheel seven feet in diameter! Think of a man driving eighteen mules and two horses! He steers them with a jerk-line. He beats the swells who drive the coaches at Burlingame out of sight," said Rowdy, cheerily. "M'h!" he muttered, "this is the best ever. 'The team that draws the desert freight train stretches out for more than one hundred feet in front of the wagon. At the end of the journey, the teamster pulls up beside the dump with the mules in a line so straight that a stretched string would touch the ear of every mule on either side of the chain.' Golly! that 's a sight worth going to the desert to see. Those drivers must be great. I hope we 'll get to know 'em—if they 'd speak to us," added Rowdy, with unusual humility.

"It must be a fine sight," acknowledged Clarence. "I 'd like to see that."

"You may, and heaps of more grand things, if you 'll only be good," chuckled Rowdy. "There are Indians, the Piutes. We might have a real fight."

"I 'll stick to the mule-drivers; you can have all the Indians," drawled Clarence, remembering his dislike of old Storm Cloud of Pinkney Alley.

Rowdy ached to be off. This trip seemed the best of all they had ever talked of or enjoyed. The big trees dwindled down to mere pickets in his memory as he thought of the dangers and wonders of Death Valley. "You see, if you were going to be a civil engineer and a surveyor, you 'd know how I feel. Pooh! Some of the land has never been surveyed," he said, reading: 'The contractors had been paid large sums of money by the Government for work they had not done.' "Well, I never! Think of cheating——"

"In a graveyard!" interrupted Clarence.

"I 'm afraid, old boy, you don't really want to go," said Rowdy, not unkindly. "You don't have to, you know—"

"Yes, I do. I want to see new places. I get new ideas as well as you do, even if I am not going to be the greatest engineer on earth. Who knows?—I may write a grand piece of music after I come home from that dreadful and wonderful valley, and win fame and fortune," protested Clarence.

"Well, we 'll go, and perhaps we 'll discover the Gunsmith Lead and we will get rich and great, quick," remarked Rowdy.

"You don't have to be rich to be great," argued Clarence, with the quaint little smile in his blue eyes. "Don't you remember what the copy-book says: 'The good are the only great?'"

"You will be awful great, my good little boy, if you don't look out," good-naturedly jeered Rowdy.

"Trying to keep up with your noble gait, old chap," smilingly answered Clarence, as he linked his arm in Rowdy's. "What do you suppose would have become of us, Rowdy, if it had n't been for Daddy?"

"I suppose I would have been in jail, and you—you would have been in a music store with a face like a fried egg, and a heart breaking under your jacket because you could n't take music lessons. Bless Daddy!" he murmured. "Parson, we can never even it up; but we will take care of him when he 's old."

"You bet we will!" said Clarence, with fervor.

CHAPTER XVI

JOURNEYING THROUGH THE DESERT

THE Government explorers with whom the Professor and the boys were going were ready the first of June. Uncle Joe, a colored man, one of the most famous guides known, was in the party. Among others was an expert signal officer and mineralogist and an Eastern millionaire who was interested in the borax mines.

They went by rail to Mojave, and then over the sandy plain in buckboards drawn by burros that can eat cactus and greasebush. They stopped and cooked at camp-fires made of the branches of the greasebush and the roots of the sagebrush. The boys helped to gather fuel for the fire. Rowdy grumbled at the number of

twigs of the greasebush they had to get before they could make a respectable blaze. He sighed for a log of wood. "These things look like a pile of jack-straws."

They made a good enough fire to fry the bacon and boil water for coffee. The chief part of their food was in tin cans. Near the camp every night would swoop by a group of great black buzzards. They follow every team that crosses the desert, like death watchers.

The party were to stay a few days at a ranch, and they camped at Bitter Spring. Professor Williams and the scientists wished to examine the rocky strata of Funeral Mountain.

"There! Did I not tell you these mountains were gay?" said Rowdy, pointing them out to Clarence. "A funeral is the last thing they would make any one think of."

"They are called that because of the

graves," answered Clarence, sadly, directing Rowdy's attention to a row of little mounds, the last resting-place of unknown men who had died of thirst.

Rowdy grew pale for a moment, and then said, cheerfully, "Come on."

They climbed with the others to one of the highest peaks of the Panamints and looked down on Death Valley.

"It is grand!" admitted Clarence, as he looked at range upon range of mountains upon every side. The famous valley lay between the mountains, as bright and varied in color as a sash of Roman ribbon. The yellow sand and yellowish-green leaves of the greasebush, the black lava buttes, and the beds of soda and borax and salt, glistening like snow in the sunshine, or gleaming like little pools of golden water, made a picture that could be seen nowhere else in the world.

It pleased Rowdy immensely. He was thinking of all he had read of it. It

seemed like a scene in a theatre, and he looked around, as did the artist upon the valley of Santa Clara. His look and attitude reminded Clarence of the artist, and he said abruptly: "It is mighty fine; but I would n't give a prune orchard in Santa Clara valley for the whole of it." He named, one after another, the fruit-farms and gardens familiar to them all, and brought before them a vision of that loveliest valley in California,—so serene, so refined, so peaceful, and so prosperous that the Death Valley seemed beside it a painted landscape, full of death and dangers and disease.

The Professor put his arm over Clarence's shoulder and drew him protectingly toward him. "It is a brilliant spectacle," said the Professor, "but it would be death to cross that valley. Those snowy spots are salt, soda, and borax, that would make you intolerably thirsty—so thirsty that water would hardly satisfy you."

Clarence shuddered. "It is as gay and deadly as the old Darlingtonia; but it won't suck us into its make-believe pools."

"'Course not," nonchalantly remarked Rowdy, looking as fearlessly and curiously at it as he had at the flower.

They continued their journey and were jogging comfortably along when two of the mules gave out. The guide led them towards Mesquite Well to get more water, as their supply was low. Everything would have gone well if a terrific wind-storm had not arisen. The air seemed filled with brown smoke, and their very breath began to feel dry and gritty. Clouds of dust in every form imaginable rose like spirits, demons, and animals from the gulches. Clarence managed to mutter "Der Freichutz," and, indeed, it brought to the minds of all who had heard it the fantastic opera. These whirligigs of dust scare the Piute Indians, who believe witches are rising from the gulches. The

Professor and his party hurried up the mountain to get out of the path of the storm.

Racing against the wind brought vividly to the boys the memory of the run the good old ship had made before it was wrecked. How safe the immeasurable sea seemed to Clarence in comparison to this wind-blown land of heat and death!

While they were seeking shelter from the storm, two desert-tramps came along and stole their wagon and supplies. The man left in charge of them had gone to seek safety for himself. After the storm had ceased, the party separated. The signal-service officer and the others went to find the team. Professor Williams, the boys, and a guide pressed on to reach the nearest spring before night. The heat became intense. Clarence thought of all the dreadful things he had read, and was as eager as the Professor to get to the spring. The old guide began to act

queerly. The Professor noticed he did not keep the trail, and was inclined to wander aimlessly. The terrible heat had affected his mind, and when he started off in the direction opposite to where the Professor knew the spring to be, shouting "Here it is! Here it is!" it was plain to see that he had gone insane, and that it would be death to follow him. He was going away from them as fast as he could, across the plains.

Somewhat troubled, the Professor sat down to think. He knew he was but a short distance from Mesquite Well. He decided to leave the boys where they were, as they were exhausted and the heat was growing fiercer. "You will be perfectly safe if you will do just as I tell you." They dug a hollow in the arid sand and fixed some greasebushes so that they made a little shade for their heads. The Professor tied his red silk handkerchief to a mesquite tree near them, to

mark the place. He told the boys they would be far better to rest there until he came back than to tramp through the burning sand with him. They felt so tired and hot that they were glad to do as he said. He gave them the greater portion of the water he carried. Rowdy, thinking he had heard the rattle of a snake just as he was taking a drink in the early part of the day, had jumped aside and spilt more than half of the precious fluid out of the water-bag. The Professor told them how to moisten their lips and tongues to keep them from swelling. He charged them to drink sparingly, in case he should be delayed, and they might be left without any water. If they did not move from where they were, he told them, they would be safe.

The Professor, remembering Rowdy's restless spirit and impulsive ways, especially charged him on his honor to stay. He knew Clarence's word could be

absolutely relied upon. After he had started the Professor turned back, and going straight to Rowdy, put his hand on his head and said: "My boy, do not go away from here. Stick to Clarence."

Rowdy promised he would not leave the place. The Professor told them again how to drink the water. "Good-by," he said. "Everything lies with yourselves. If anything should happen that I should n't come back the officers and Mr. Furman will soon reach you and take care of you."

CHAPTER XVII

LOST IN THE DESERT

THE boys felt tired and exhausted. Clarence turned on his side, and nestling his head on his arm, he shaded his eyes with his hat and soon went to sleep. Rowdy tossed restlessly around, but finally fell asleep. They slept peacefully for some time.

Rowdy woke up before Clarence did. His first impulse was to dig him in the ribs and wake him, too ; but he decided to get a drink first. He was very thirsty. His mouth felt dry and parched, and his throat ached. It seemed as if there were scales on his tongue. He grabbed the water-bag. He forgot what the Professor had said about drinking sparingly and

wetting his lips and tongue, and took a long, long drink. He felt so hot and feverish, he poured some on his hands and wet his hair before he realized how selfish he had been.

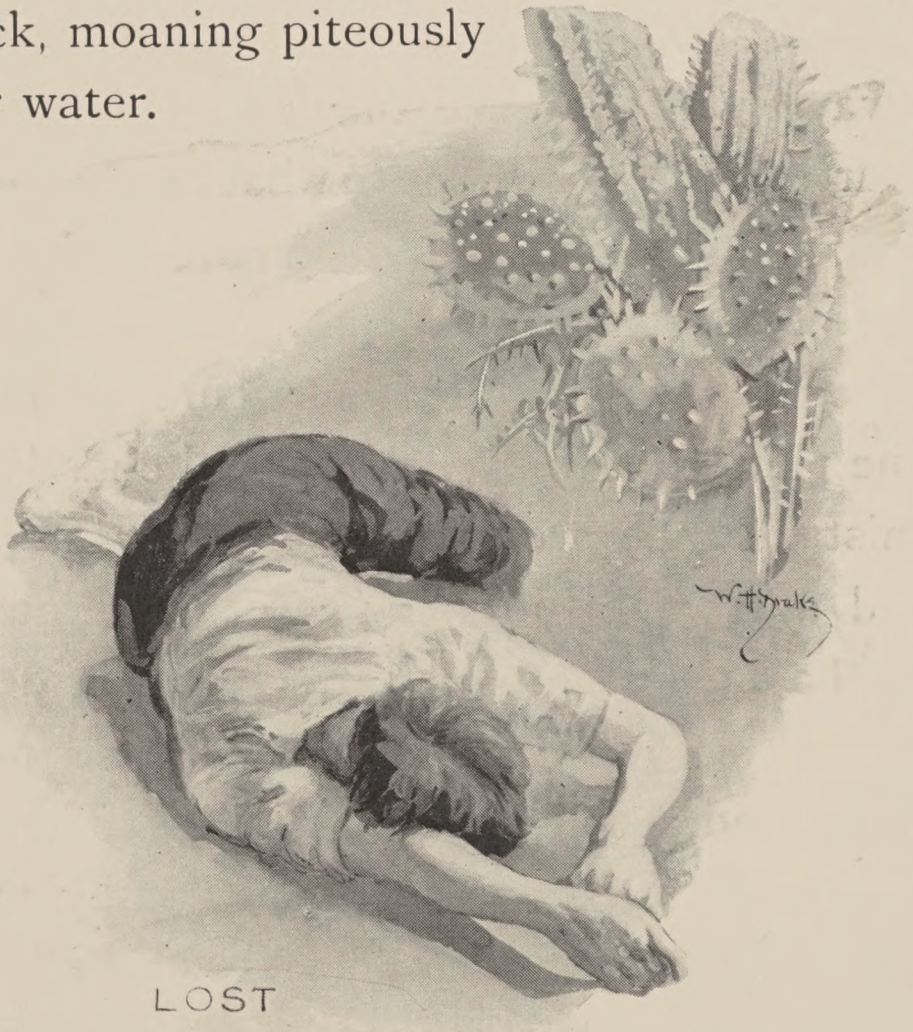
"Poor old Parson won't have much to drink when he wakes. I did not mean to be such a hog," he said. As usual, after he had obeyed his thoughtless impulse, he felt sorry for what he had done. His two long drinks and the washing of his hands, face, and head had left but little water for Clarence. "Perhaps I can find some myself," he thought. "Daddy could not have expected me to keep dead still here. Why, there is a pool over there." He took the water-bag and walked toward what looked like a cool, sweet lake, with trees and leaves and grasses mirrored in its surface. It was but a desert mirage.

Professor Williams had explained very clearly to the boys how many a thoughtless traveller had been deceived by these allur-

ing pictures in the air, that were no more real than the pictures in a soap-bubble.

"Only a confounded mirage!" said Rowdy, crossly. He had taken the silk handkerchief from the bush to keep the burning sun off his neck. All the grease-bushes, mesquite trees, and black rocks looked alike, and he had walked farther away from Clarence than he knew. He started back. He went to what he thought was the tree; but when he reached it, he found he had made a mistake. He looked carefully around. He was sure he saw the place this time; but again he made a mistake. He would have shouted, but he did not want to wake Clarence, because he had drunk all the water, and besides, his throat was so parched he could not have made himself heard. He wandered back and forth and then, confused by the heat and angry with himself, he walked unknowingly farther and farther away from the spot where Clarence was. In

his excitement he ran from rock to rock until, weary and faint, he fell down. He started up again, throwing away his coat, then his vest. On, on he went, growing delirious in the torturing heat. He took off his trousers. He had lost his hat. He ran to and fro until, finally, he fell by a rock, moaning piteously for water.



LOST IN THE DESERT.

Clarence woke up much confused and startled. Soon he remembered where he was and called for Rowdy. His voice was husky, for he was thirsty. He looked eagerly around for the water-bag. It was gone. There was no sign of Rowdy. He tried to call again. His anxiety seemed to give him strength for a moment. He staggered to his feet, and peered around the rock and in the greasebushes. He looked in every direction, and although his lips were dry and parched, he called for Rowdy once more. He soon noticed that the silk handkerchief was gone. He was filled with terror. A terrible feeling of loneliness made his heart ache. For miles and miles around he could not see a living thing. There was only that desolate stretch of yellow, burning sand, spotted with black and shining like burnished brass in places where the sand was yellowest and the deposits of salt and borax heavy. He also thought he saw a little

lake of water. He looked closely and long at it. He remembered what Professor Williams had told him of the mirages. He inferred this was one, because if water had been so near the Professor would not have gone to the spring.

Stronger than his thirst, and it was torturing him ; stronger than his longing to find Rowdy, and that was intense—was his spirit of loyalty. "It would n't be fair to Daddy to leave," he thought. "I gave him my word I 'd stay, and I must," he murmured wearily, as he sank in his hollow in the hot sand, too sorrowful and desolate for words. The stillness was awful. He took up his violin, but his hands were so dry and unsteady he could not play. "If Daddy comes he 'll find me," he moaned. "God, don't forget me," he prayed, "and help me stay here." His thirst was agonizing. He thought of the poor guide, who had run away. He fell into a stupor, and was delirious when

Professor Williams found him with his hands fiercely clutching the greasebushes near him. He muttered over and over again: "Help me to stay! Help me to stay!" Professor Williams cared for him tenderly. He gave him not only water, but other restoratives that soon cooled and quieted him. When the loyal boy opened his eyes he looked at the Professor and said: "I asked God to help me stay, Daddy. I wanted to find Rowdy," and he sank into unconsciousness again. Professor Williams was so anxious to learn something of Rowdy that he could not let Clarence sleep long. The Professor had searched around the spot. He saw that the water-bag was gone, and also the red silk handkerchief. He had followed his own trail back and had easily found Clarence. He examined the footprints in the sand as well as he could in the growing darkness. Finally, he woke Clarence. He was pained and startled

when he learned that Clarence knew nothing of Rowdy. Professor Williams, knowing how impulsive and restless the boy was, feared that he had wandered away. He did not understand why he should have taken the water and the silk handkerchief. Such an act of selfishness and thoughtlessness was like the old Rowdy whom he first met on the ship; not like the noble youth who had made such a masterly struggle to control his temper and his heedless impulses.

The rest of the party, who had joined the Professor soon after his return, were ready to help him search for the missing boy. Those who had gone for the wagon had overtaken and surprised the tramps, who had prepared for a good dinner and a long encampment in a gulch which they thought would shield them from sight.

Professor Williams led the search party, calling at the top of his voice for Rowdy. They all shouted at intervals. No an-

swer came through the stifling darkness and heat. All night the Professor watched and sought for the missing boy.

Worn and anxious, they went out early in the morning. Some one chanced upon Rowdy's coat, another found his trousers. The searchers began to hope of finding him. On a butte, covered with pebbles from an ancient beach, they found his hat.

Poor Clarence was distracted with grief. He tried to call. He played upon his violin the tunes that Rowdy loved. He varied the sound in every way he could think of. It was a shriek, or now a wail or a trill or a long cry. No answer came from the burning waste.

They searched for some days. They sent to the Panamint mining district for other searchers familiar with the desert. One day they found the remains of a body, half-buried in the sand. It had been almost devoured by the vultures and

was no longer recognizable. It was the body of a youth Rowdy's size. Professor Williams did not let Clarence look upon it. It was buried where it was found. Professor Williams mourned for his splendid boy. He and Clarence did not stay long in the borax districts.

Rowdy had said to Clarence: "You can surely go to Europe to study if we find the silver mine, or something just as good, in the desert." Clarence found something better than the Gunsmith lead. He found a friend. Mr. Furman, the New York millionaire, liked him from the first meeting. He loved music almost as much as Clarence did. He became deeply interested in the boy, and when he learned that Clarence hoped to study abroad Mr. Furman offered to send him to Brussels. After much consultation it was arranged that Clarence should accept the favor. It was understood that if he were a success, and earned money, he should

return the sum expended upon him, with interest.

His benefactor at first would not listen to this proposition. He finally consented to accept the lump sum without interest, and with it establish "The Whittleby Fund." This fund would be devoted to the education of boys who gave evidence of talent, and who had patience and perseverance to work and study.

"Don't limit it to music," begged Clarence, remembering that Rowdy had needed money to study engineering. "Let us have a fund to lend to any boy who wants and works — to — to be a civil engineer, or anything like that," he said, with a sob in his voice.

"All right," agreed the jolly New Yorker. "It shall be called 'The Whittleby Fund,' and shall be for the use of any brave, honorable boy who wishes to master any art, profession, or trade for which he may show any ability and a

liking. Now, how 's that, my great violinist? Does that suit you?"

"Indeed it does. That 's great," answered Clarence. "But I think it should be called by your name instead of by mine."

"No, sir—no, sir," answered Mr. Furman. "It shall be named for the man who earns it; not for the man who gives it."

CHAPTER XVIII

CLARENCE GOES TO BRUSSELS

PROFESSOR WILLIAMS sold the pretty little home on the hillside to the people who had taken it for the summer. He was going with an exploring party to South America. Clarence was closely occupied getting ready to go to Brussels. He was glad that he had to do many things. He had less time to miss Rowdy, although each day it seemed he missed him more. He could not bear to talk of him. The boys never tired of doing so. They delighted to tell of the things he had done and said, of his famous kick and his jolly ways. To them he was a hero, and they glorified him. They did not know his selfish act in the desert had nearly cost Clarence his life.

Professor Williams and Clarence spent their last month together in San Francisco. Clarence started for New York in August, and arrived in the great city six days later, on one of the hottest days of the year. He had carried his violin across the continent as tenderly and carefully as a loving mother carries her baby. He rarely let it go out of his hands during the trip, and he held it under his arm as he walked the streets of New York. He went to a workingman's hotel in the lower part of the city. It was built by a wealthy man, and descriptions of it had been in the newspapers all over the country. Rowdy and he had read of it, and had agreed to stop at it on their way to Europe. Clarence felt at home when he saw the clean marble stairway. It did not look so much like a palace as he had fancied it would from all he had read and dreamed of it.

The little room to which he was assigned seemed very cheerless. It was

clean and nice enough, but there was no chair for him to sit upon. There was only a shelf to put his clothes on. He was allowed neither a candle nor lamp. He undressed by the light that shone into his room from the gas-jet in the hall. He could not see to read. It was very late before he was able to sleep. He wished he could have played on his violin. Two days after his arrival in New York he sailed for Belgium.

When he arrived in Brussels he went to the American Consul to learn where he could find a place to live. The prices were so high at the lodgings recommended by the consul that Clarence was glad to accept the friendly advice of a clerk in a music-store, who understood the modest needs of boys who were not rich better than the consul did. He was soon settled in comfortable quarters. He paid a considerable sum extra for light, as he studied in the evenings.

Clarence had been so well taught that he was allowed to continue his studies and did not have to begin all over again, as many of the boys did. This gave him great satisfaction and pleased his old teacher in San Jose, who felt proud of his former pupil.

Clarence wrote: "I shall have to work hard to become anything. There are many boys ahead of me. I am going to practice ten hours a day, if I can. I have decided to bury myself to everything except music."

Clarence had to work hard. There were boys from all countries in the conservatory and the competition was terrible. He had three pleasant friends who were as much in earnest and as anxious to get on as he was. They practised together twice a week.

It was music, music, music, from early morning until late at night. Music seemed to be the only thing in the world. When

he was not studying it, or practising it, or talking of it, he was reading of music and musicians. When he learned that Paganini played in the churches of Genoa when he was scarcely larger than his violin, Clarence practiced more diligently than ever. Like guiding stars to a ship were the names of Paganini, Joachim, Sarasate, Wilhelmj, and Ernst to him. The lives of these great violinists inspired him to work. He also wished to do honor to his patron and earn the money that was being so generously expended on him. Most of all, he longed to win fame and fortune for Professor Williams's sake. There was no need now to remind Clarence of the slothful man's cry : "*There is a lion in the way ; a lion is in the streets.*" He had so many reasons to work that the days were not long enough for him to do all he wanted to. He was learning that "*the hand of the diligent shall bear rule*," and that the "*man diligent in his business*

shall stand before kings," for he made such progress that his teacher advanced him rapidly, and he had really appeared before a king who visited the school one day. The royal guest loved music, and his face lighted with pleasure when Clarence played.

The only other one Clarence thought of in the world, beside his teacher, his patron, and Professor Williams, was Margery Bell. A memory of her came to him like some sweet melody. All that was pretty in flower, bird, or sound suggested her. If he ever noticed a girl, it was to compare her in mind to Margery Bell.

Clarence's six years of study were delightfully varied by journeys to Germany and Italy. He spent one never-to-be-forgotten day in Cremona, looking for the grave of Stradivarius, the king of violin-makers. He went to the museum in Genoa to gaze upon the Guarnerius, the favorite instrument of Paganini, who left

it to the city of Genoa, "being unwilling that any other artist should possess it after him." Clarence's fingers ached to play on it. He would have given a great deal to hear how it sounded. "Poor Paganini!" he thought. "Let his work but not his life be your inspiration," had written Professor Williams, in his answer to Clarence's letter in which he told of his first reading of the life of the brilliant violinist.

Except for his homesick desire to see Professor Williams occasionally, Clarence was very happy. The world of music was a world of enchantment. It seemed the happiest world of all to him. Sometimes for exercise he would walk up the Avenue Louise and enter the Bois de Lacombre—a park that looked like a beautiful wood. He could rest among the trees as he could nowhere else. Sitting upon one of the many benches he would dreamily watch the fashionable throng that rolled by him in handsome equipages. The coachmen

who drove with trance-like rigidity, the portly old ladies, the gray-haired men reclining wearily on the cushions, looked as if they did not know there was such a joyous thing as music in the world.

A wealthy woman who knew of Clarence drove by and smiled pityingly upon him as he rose from the bench to go home. "Poor boy!" she said to her companion, "he is studying at the conservatory and hopes to become rich and great. I believe he has some talent. He works hard."

Clarence walked along, listening to the lullaby the trees were murmuring. The messages of the whispering leaves meant more to him than the great lady's pitying smile. If he had thought of her at all he would have pitied her, too, because she could not understand what the trees said, and did not live in the wonderful world of music—his glorious world, in which mere sounds were full of such meaning, beauty, and power.

CHAPTER XIX

SAVED BY CHANCE

WHILE Clarence was so deeply absorbed in his music in Brussels, and Professor Williams was in the heart of the Andes in South America, a youth was dreaming of both of them, whenever he had time to think of anything except fighting, far away in the Philippine Islands.

He was known as "one of the best" and "one of the bravest." He was a handsome young man, with brilliant, dark eyes and white teeth that seemed to flash when he smiled. He carried himself finely, as if born for a soldier. No man in the army, regular or volunteer, exhibited such manly self-control as this young sergeant.

Those were days that tried the souls of older men than he. The terms of peace had not been agreed upon, and it was not known whether the islands belonged to the Americans or not. The Filipinos expected the city would be turned over to them. They had been treated so cruelly in the past that they did not understand the kindness, forbearance, and moderation of the American soldiers. They thought the Americans were afraid of them.

The soldiers were under the strictest of orders to keep the peace. The handsome young sergeant when on sentry duty was called "a coward" and vile names by the Filipinos as they passed to and from the city. One childish native went so far to show his contempt as to spit in the sergeant's face. The sergeant's dark eyes dilated and shone with a dangerous light, and his alert figure straightened; but for that, he might have been carved in bronze,

so heroic was his quiet forbearance and patience. Ringing through his memory came the old familiar words he had heard so often: "*He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.*"

How clearly the meaning of those words came home to him! Truly, it was easier to fight for that city and go forth at the bugle's call to face death for it, than to stand there and rule the spirit that was raging in him. He calmed himself, the words "better than the mighty" echoing through his mind. They seemed graven on his heart. His eyes filled with tears for one brief second as he recalled the face of Professor Williams, for the brave sergeant exhibiting such superb self-control was no other than Rowdy.

A Filipino going by mocked and jeered at him, but Rowdy heeded him not. He did not see the rice paddies nor the shining banana-trees, heavy with yellow fruit.

He saw only the serene valley of Santa Clara a-bloom with the snowy blossoms of thousands and thousands of prune trees, and above them all the glowing dome of the Lick Observatory crowning Mount Hamilton.

Rowdy's life had been saved as by a miracle in the Desert of Death. He wandered far away from Clarence in his delirium. A wagon crossing the desert passed near him when he sank by the rock. He was calling piteously: "Water! water!" From the depths of the wagon a woman answered his cry with one almost insane in sound as his own. A man who was driving leaped to the ground with water for Rowdy. He took the boy in his arms and carried him toward the wagon. The woman reached for him with a shriek of joy. She soothed and petted him, and crooned tenderly over him as she made a bed for him. Her husband and brother looked at her and then at each other.

"He may be a godsend," said the brother. "We will take him with us."

They had buried the woman's son a day or two before. To her grief-stricken mind Rowdy looked not unlike her boy. She thought he was her own son. She smiled upon him and looked so comforted that the men's hearts were filled with hope. If they could only get out of the desert as fast as possible to a cooler region, no doubt the woman's mind would be restored and she would recover. Rowdy seemed sent direct from heaven. They were travelling in the opposite direction from Professor Williams and heard nothing of him. Rowdy was so ill and exhausted he lay as if dying. He murmured over and over again, "Poor old Parson." He would occasionally shout, "Daddy! Daddy!" He lived over in his delirium the happy days among the Big Trees.

"'Great Jove with conquest crowned the Trojan band.' I must salute the

conquerors," he kept repeating, and made wild gestures as if trying to doff his hat.

They stayed for some time on a farm in Santa Barbara, where the two invalids grew stronger. Mrs. Marston had grown better as soon as she had Rowdy to love. When it gradually dawned upon her that he was not her son, her mind was filled with such anxiety for him that she cared for him as if he were her own dear boy.

Rowdy's remorse for his selfish act, which he believed had caused the death of Clarence, was pitiable to see. He grieved so deeply that he recovered his health and strength very slowly. He was never tired talking to Mrs. Marston of Professor Williams and Clarence and of all he owed to their love for him. Mrs. Marston wrote to Professor Williams. No answer came. When the letter reached San Jose, Professor Williams was on his way to South America and never received it.

Mrs. Marston, whose own heart had

known sorrow, comforted and strengthened Rowdy as only a tender mother who understands boys can. Mr. Marston asked Rowdy to stay with them for some time, if not for always.

The work at the cottage and the fine principles of Professor Williams had developed Rowdy's self-respect. He had a manly wish to earn his bread. This pleased Mr. Marston; but he begged Rowdy to stay with him until Mrs. Marston was well, and he would give Rowdy all the privileges of a son and Rowdy could do the duties of one, if he wished to feel that he was earning his living. Rowdy knew he owed his life to them and was glad to serve them in any way he could. His heart was full of gratitude. He went with the Marstons to their home in Tennessee.

Frederico's kind old mother in her little home in the Mexican quarter and Alfred Dey's beautiful mother in the great

mansion near San Jose had given Rowdy glimpses of what a mother's care, companionship, and love, might mean; but he had never known until now how blest were boys with good mothers. He grew finer and better without knowing it. A new grace and gentleness improved his bearing. It came of willing and reverent service. He was glad to do anything for his foster-mother, as was everybody who knew her. She was greatly beloved in her pretty Southern home. Her kind and thoughtful attentions had made the lives of many humble people better and pleasanter, and, as flowers spring up where the rain falls and the sun shines in a gracious way, so loving deeds and words and thoughts greeted her wherever she went. She was so gentle and so delicate, and there was such a sad look in her sweet face, that she touched all that was noble and tender in Rowdy's nature. He was glad he was strong, so he could

save her many steps, carry her basket and bundles, and do her errands. He delighted to make her laugh, and he forgot his homesickness and longing for Professor Williams and Clarence in trying to chase away the sad look in her face. After a time it seemed to go away. She loved Rowdy as if he were her son, although she never forgot her boy so far away in the Desert of Death, whose unearthed body Professor Williams had taken for that of Rowdy and reburied, marking it with a stone.

When the war broke out in Cuba, Rowdy was eager to go. Mrs. Marston begged him not to do so. The sad look came back into her face. Rowdy stayed at home. He had a brave fight with himself; but his gratitude to her and his love for her were greater than his wish to be a soldier. It was a hard day for him when the volunteers, many of whom he knew, left for Cuba.

He was soon glad he stayed at home. He was able to serve his foster-mother in more ways than he ever had before. She had never fully recovered her strength after the trying experience in the Desert of Death. She gradually grew weaker and weaker until one day her gentle spirit left her frail body and went to join that of her own dear boy.

CHAPTER XX

A SOLDIER IN MANILA

WHEN his friends and neighbors were enlisting for the Philippines the old longing to be a soldier filled Rowdy's heart and he joined the army of volunteers. The days of preparation were full of joyful excitement. Encampments were formed and the boys were drilled in the methods of war. The whole town was in the streets the day the Tennessee regiment started overland to embark for the Philippines. Flags were flying, drums beating, bands playing, and people cheering, as the boys marched along. Mothers broke into the ranks to give a last good-by to dear sons, and sisters wept and small brothers

hurrahed as the volunteers waited at the railroad station.

The trip across the continent and the voyage over the Pacific ocean were enjoyed by all the boys, despite the close quarters and rigid discipline.

The first days in Manila were ones of vexation and trial. They were idle days of suspense. The waiting, waiting, waiting, not knowing what the peace conference had decided, filled the boys with restlessness and discontent.

One night when Rowdy was passing down the road a Filipino sergeant told him that he intended to post his sentinels very much nearer the city and within the American lines. He crossed the road and called Rowdy a coward. Rowdy paid no attention to him. The Filipino drew his sword and challenged him to fight. Rowdy obeyed the instructions given by his superior officer and took no notice of the Filipino's action; but his

heart was hot with rage. He reported what the Filipino had said.

That night G—— of Company D, Nebraska regiment, was on duty. He had orders not to allow the Filipinos to place any sentries inside the American line. At half-past eight o'clock G—— knelt down beside a fence. He saw three men jump out of the brush and run toward him. He called for them to halt. He called twice. No attention was paid to his command. He fired. They stopped. Immediately from a block-house near and along the line a series of volleys poured in upon the American outposts. Many of the tents were riddled. A fire-balloon went up about the middle of the insurrection line. This was a preconcerted signal of attack. At sight of the balloon, firing began along the line. The war had begun.

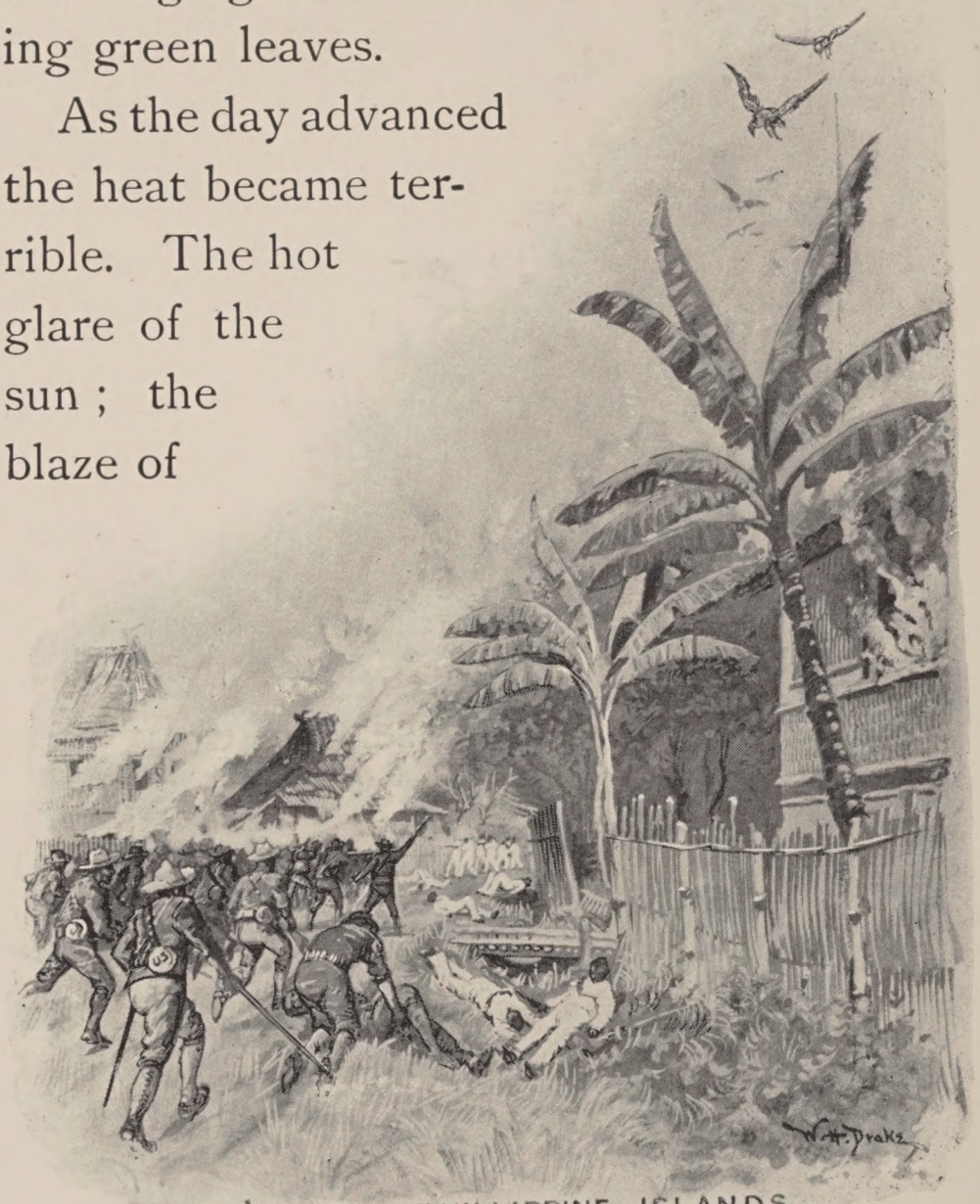
At four o'clock next morning the Tennessee regiment filed out along the road,

singing "There 'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." They were as gay as if they were going to a picnic. They had not yet learned the horrors of fighting. Later in the day, when they heard the bullets singing in their ears, and saw men fall bleeding at their feet and against them, they realized what war meant.

The Tennessee troops were exposed to the enemy's fire. They had to cross a bridge near San Juan del Monte, of which the Filipinos had the range perfectly. Bullets whizzed furiously about them. Rowdy gallantly led his men. With heads bent forward they went across the bridge on a run, and, when within charging distance of their foes, they shouted the famous "rebel yell." The yell scared the Filipinos worse than the rifles. Yelling furiously and loudly, the Tennessee boys swept on. They advanced on Caloocan, where the Filipinos were entrenched. The road to Caloocan

became a scene of desolation. Once it had been a beautiful avenue, lined with pretty houses set in fine gardens, and banana orchards heavy with golden fruit showing against broad, shining green leaves.

As the day advanced the heat became terrible. The hot glare of the sun; the blaze of



WAR — PHILLIPPINE ISLANDS.

the burning buildings; the smell of baking bananas and scorching leaves; the ashes flying like dust; and pigs, chickens, and the dead roasting in the smouldering coals was a sickening and heart-breaking sight. Rowdy was horror-stricken. Bullets sang by his ear, snipping the leaves and branches of the trees. The broad rice-fields were trampled down by smoke-begrimmed, dust-covered howling men. The clatter of the artillery, the roar of the canon, the crack of the musketry, the hiss of the bullet, the clang of clashing arms, the creak of wheels, the tramp of horses' hoofs and of men's feet, made a deafening noise. The burning heat, the blinding glare of the blistering sun, the prostrated wounded and dying, all seemed worse than the Desert of Death. It was horrible to Rowdy.

He was faint and exhausted from loss of blood from a flesh wound. He supported as best he could an officer of his

regiment who was crippled and lay waiting for the ambulance to come to take him to the field hospital. As Rowdy knelt beside him two Filipinos came upon them. They had the wooden guns carried by those who went with the men who had Mausers. Their duty was to grab the Mausers of the Filipinos who were shot down and go on with the fight. One of the Filipinos caught up a Mauser and aimed at the wounded officer. Rowdy sent the last shot in his gun through the Filipino's head. He fell beside the man he would have murdered. The other Filipino, who intended to kill Rowdy, snatched at a gun in a dead Tennessean's hand. He was a sergeant. He had been shot through the head. His Mauser was pressed against his shoulder, as he lay to take a deadly aim. His left hand grasped the barrel on the under side. The forefinger of his right hand pressed the trigger lightly. The barrel rested

out on a mound of earth. He was in the act of firing when he was shot. His hands had stiffened in death. The Filipino sprang toward the dead American and seized the rifle by the barrel and tried to jerk it away. The barrel was in line with the Filipino's breast. As he tugged furiously at the gun, he brought the trigger in direct touch with the stiff crooked finger of the soldier. The gun went off. The shot went through the Filipino's breast. He fell in agony and terror on the body of the dead.

Rowdy's own heart seemed to stop beating. He had watched in dread. He momentarily expected the bullet would pierce his own brain. The relief was almost more than he could bear. He felt faint. The heat was terrible and his lips were parched. He reached for his canteen. There was one drink left. As he raised it toward his mouth he caught sight of the supplicating face of the

Filipino, who was suffering with agonizing thirst. Rowdy dragged himself over to him and stooped and gave him the water. The poor native's face softened, and he looked up at Rowdy with piteous gratitude. Rowdy's own thirst was maddening; but he knew the wounded man's was worse than his. As he gave the water to him it was not the Filipino's face he saw, but the fair, fine face of Clarence. The bitter memory made him shudder. "Oh! If I had only given or left a drink for the Parson, how different life would have been!" he thought. He tenderly moved the wounded native, thinking all the time of Clarence lying in the sand in the Desert of Death.

The nurses came for the wounded officer. They had picked up so many men as they had gone along, they could take no more. Rowdy said he was able to walk. He trudged slowly and painfully to the field hospital, carrying the

dying Filipino in his arms. He was so worn out when he reached the hospital tent that he fell senseless with his burden.

For weeks he was ill. When he recovered, active fighting was over. When he was convalescent, and wandering around among the ruins of the once beautiful road to Santa Ana, he found a fighting-cock that had been lamed. No one wanted it. No one claimed it. He took care of it. It had evidently been a great pet. He knew how the natives loved these roosters. Even the poorest of them was rich enough to own a fighting-cock. He had seen dozens of Filipinos trudging along that very road with roosters under their arms, talking to them and petting them as if they were children. The roosters seemed to understand, and crew, chirped, and snuggled against their masters, showing their content. Rowdy's rooster was as companionable as a dog, and cheered many homesick hours.

One day when Rowdy was going down the Escolta, he saw Mel Dickinson at the foot of the Puente de Espana, which is as closely crowded with people as a broom is with straws. Rowdy, as quickly as he could, made his way through the crowd to Mel. Mel was so surprised and so glad to see Rowdy, that, big chap as he was, he hugged him. They had much to tell each other. Mel had enlisted with the California regiment. He, too, was a sergeant. He had been among the brave Californians who had made the fifth of February famous. They had done splendid work. In the morning they took Santa Ana; and, marching dauntlessly on, they captured San Pedro Macati in the afternoon, and the day following they took Guadelupe.

"Did you feel scared, Mel?" asked Rowdy, interested to know if any other boy had felt as he did.

"Yes; you bet I did, at first. When I had to stand up once and all the other

fellows were lying down behind trenches, I felt as big as the side of a barn, and as if I 'd be shot sure."

"I know," Rowdy answered understandingly. "You feel that way at first; but when you get into it and everybody is yelling and firing, you don't seem to think of anything but to keep your gun going."

"I 'm glad it 's over," said Mel, shuddering. "I 've got enough fighting in mine. I can go into the regular army if I want to for bravery."

"So can I," said Rowdy.

"Are you going?" asked Mel.

"I think not, unless I can go in the engineers' corps."

The transport left a few weeks after Rowdy met Mel Dickinson, carrying the Tennesseans back home. Rowdy went to Tennessee with his regiment. When his company disbanded and he was honorably discharged, he went to New York with Mr. Marston.

CHAPTER XXI

A JOYFUL MEETING

ROWDY was walking along Fifth Avenue near Central Park early one afternoon when his attention was attracted by an immense poster on a board fence which enclosed a vacant lot.

The name Whittleby caught Rowdy's eye. He stopped. His heart gave a quick bound. There, in big, bold letters, was the Parson's name.

The poster announced that Clarence Whittleby, who had played with such remarkable success in London, Paris, and Vienna, would appear at a concert given under fashionable patronage in New York. Rowdy looked at the date. It was that very day. The concert had

already begun. He hailed a stage. It went so slowly and stopped so many times he grew anxious, and something of the old, hurried, exasperated feeling that had irritated him the day on the Market Street cable when he was hastening to stow away on the steamer, filled him with impatience to-day. Below Forty-second Street he jumped out of the coach, got into a hansom, and ordered the driver to go as fast as the law allowed to the big hotel where the concert was held.

He entered the hotel and strode rapidly down the main corridor without seeing the idle crowd of men and women who stared with insolent curiosity at the handsome youth who went with quick, swinging step to the desk. He asked eagerly where the concert was held. He was directed to the elevator. The concert was nearly over. He entered the gorgeous ball-room amid a storm of ap-

plause. A man showed him the number. It was the last on the programme. It was a violin solo by Clarence Whittleby. A man standing near told him the player "was great—all right," and that this was the second encore. Presently the violinist appeared. Rowdy strained forward. His head swam. He leaned against a pillar for support. That dignified, modest young man, with fair hair and calm, honest blue eyes, could be none other than the Parson. He was finer looking, more manly, more noble, and there was no timidity in his bearing; but it was surely the Parson. Rowdy shut his eyes. For a moment he forgot where he was. It was strange he had never thought that the Parson might have been saved. It seemed to him he had been very stupid never to have hoped and believed that Clarence was alive when his own escape had been so wonderful.

Women leaned way over the boxes daintily clapping in a pretty, eager way when Clarence made his bow to begin. He looked up at a centre box filled with Californians. A golden-haired young woman sat in the front of it. She was waving her handkerchief in an ecstasy of delight. Rowdy looked at the box. There was something familiar in the young woman's appearance. Her flower-wreathed hat obscured her lovely face, or Rowdy would have known in a moment, despite the fact that the golden curls were smoothed into a coil and there was much dignity and repose in the manner of the young girl, that she was none other than Margery Bell.

Clarence played one of his own compositions, through which ran a strange, searching strain of music, recurring again and again. It was so strong, so wild, yet so pleading and full of tender love and anxiety, that, instead of the tones of

an instrument, it seemed a human voice broken with sobs, calling for someone lost or dead.

The audience was unusually still. Not the folding of a programme, the rustle of a woman's gown, the jingle of a girl's trinkets, the whispers of thoughtless critics, nor the appreciative murmurs of music-lovers broke the profound stillness. Tears filled many eyes.

"By Jove! The strain he played in the Desert of Death!" whispered a man near Rowdy to his companion. "He's a wonder!"

The music ceased in a sigh of despair.

As if in answer to the call, as the player stopped, a voice clear and joyous broke the stillness. It was like a trumpet call from a mountain top. "Bravo! Bravo! Parson!" rang through the room.

Many heads turned in the direction of the sound, and saw a handsome youth leaning forward. His brilliant dark eyes

were shining with emotion and excitement. His face was radiant with joy and gratitude. His head was lifted eagerly. He was looking at the violinist, and stood as if ready to clear with a bound the aisle and take the player in his arms.

Clarence looked at him, started, and drew his bow across his eyes. He looked again, then reeled, and would have fallen except for the help of his accompanist, who caught him and carried him from the stage.

A stalwart man, whose fine head was crowned with heavy gray hair, rose from his seat at the first sound of the joyous voice. He looked searchingly at the young stranger. There was but one he knew who carried his head in that spirited way. Those gleaming white teeth and brilliant eyes shining under level brows —there was no mistaking them. He made his way quickly to Rowdy, and had nearly reached him when Rowdy turned

and saw him. He grew white and tried to say, "Daddy"; but the words choked in his throat. His face worked with emotion. He tried to reach out his hands. Professor Williams grasped him by the shoulders, saying: "Thank God! Thank God!"

Rowdy bent his head and murmured after him reverently and with deeper feeling: "Thank God! Thank God!"

"Come! We must go to Clarence," said the Professor. "He has mourned for you all these years. He wished this morning that you, who had hoped for and planned this day with him, might be here to hear him play. You answered his call. His mind was full of you, for the last piece he played has the refrain that came to him in the Desert of Death when he tried to make you hear by playing on his violin. To-day he played it as if in a dream. It brought all that terrible experience back again. As he finished, you

called out, and he could scarcely believe that you were not a ghost of his imagination. It was a fearful shock."

"Tell him it is I, that I am alive," urged Rowdy. "I know how he must feel. I could not believe my eyes when I saw his name on a bill this morning. I came down Fifth Avenue dazed—hoping, doubting, yet praying that it might be true that Parson was alive. He has had no black shadow on his heart all these years. I felt as if I had killed him. I sometimes felt as if I were a murderer and should not go with decent people. Oh, Daddy! I feel as if a weight that has been pressing on a sore spot for years had suddenly fallen off. It seems as if I had awakened from a horrible nightmare."

Professor Williams saw Clarence first and assured him that it was no ghost he had seen, but the real, live Rowdy.

After the greetings were over, Clarence was eager to know how Rowdy was saved.

Rowdy told them the story of his rescue and how kind the Marstons had been to him.

"Ah! I was right," said Professor Williams, when Rowdy told them of Mrs. Marston's help and friendship. "I wondered if it were not association with some motherly gentlewoman that had given you the dignity, the grace, and the ease that sits so well upon your broad shoulders, my boy."

"I owe much to her. My own mother could not have loved me more. She was not blind to my faults, but was so just and honest and gentle with me, that she made me understand clearly what a selfish brute I might become. She helped me to control my temper, although after that awful experience in the Desert of Death, my old black temper did not throw me down so often," said Rowdy, looking sadly at Clarence. "Sometimes it would make me act like a demon, and

my tongue, hands, and body would say and do things before I knew it that I was always sorry for. Whenever I found myself forgetting, I thought of what I had done in the Desert of Death and I would jerk myself up. When I flew into a rage I got hold of myself as if I were another person. Getting a grip on my temper became like a race, a game, a chase. I vowed I 'd win and I tried every way I could to do it. I failed lots of times. It seemed as if my temper would always be quick and throw me down, but gradually I gained self-mastery. I tell you, I was glad I got some sort of grip on it before I went into the army. Daddy, I had several opportunities to realize '*He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty*,' was true."

"It is hard to master one s temper," said Clarence, in his old sympathetic way.

"You dear old Parson! What do you know of temper?" laughed Rowdy.

"I 'm not quick," answered Clarence; "perhaps I 'm a little too slow yet. I was so cautious and timid that if Daddy had n't shown me one day that I was pretty nearly a coward, I 'd sneaked out of lots of things, and would never have been able to do what I did to-day. Ah, Daddy, I thought of the slothful man's cry many a time," said Clarence, putting his arm over the Professor's shoulder as he had done when a boy. He turned to Rowdy, saying: "Old man, timidity and laziness, and a tendency to get discouraged easily, are as hard to fight as a quick temper."

"You 've made a good fight, son," said Professor Williams, his noble face lighted with pride and affection as he put his arms around the boys in the old familiar way they both remembered so well.

"But, Parson, you do n't hurt anyone but yourself with what you call cowardice, but I—I was in danger of doing damage to my best friends."

"Oh! come now. Rust is worse than fire. I shall not be made out better than you, brother," said Clarence, slapping Rowdy affectionately on the back. "Go on, old chap; tell me the rest of what happened to you."

Rowdy took Clarence's head in his hands and said: "Parson, I feel as if every moment I must shout 'Thank God, Parson is alive! I've found Daddy!' Oh! if you could know what a beggar I've felt like all these five years, you would understand how glad I am."

"I do. I'm glad, myself," insisted Clarence.

"But I have more reason to be glad," persisted Rowdy.

"Tell us how you became a hero," interposed Professor Williams.

Rowdy told them how he went to the Philippines, and of the fighting of the Tennessee boys. "I could have been a lieutenant in the regular army, but

I preferred to perfect myself in my profession."

"Civil engineering?" asked Clarence.

"Yes; it 's the business for me," answered Rowdy, with enthusiasm. "What 's your programme, Parson?"

"I play in all the principal cities of the United States, and after a vacation I go to Australia."

"When do you play 'Frisco?" asked Rowdy.

"In June," answered Clarence.

"Good!" exclaimed Rowdy. "I 'll be there to whoop it up. It is just as we planned. It 's come true. It is like one of Hans Andersen's fairy yarns."

"Better," said Clarence. "You and Daddy will come with me, and we will spend our vacation in the old cottage if we can get it."

"Agreed," said Rowdy.

"Yes; we must all go to San Jose. I have business there and, Rowdy, you

have, too. You will have to attend to your bank account. I have your book. When we thought you would never use the money, we decided to leave it there and some day add it to the Whittleby Fund."

Clarence told him how the Whittleby Fund had originated and what it was for.

"Come, boys! Have you forgotten how to eat?" asked Professor Williams.

"Never!" they both exclaimed. "Let's have a jolly old-time meal with all the things we like the best," cried Rowdy.

"I am with you on that," assented the Professor.

"Me, too," joined in Clarence, ungrammatically but enthusiastically.

As they entered the broad hall they met a beautiful woman whom Rowdy immediately recognized as Mrs. Dey. With her was a pretty young girl who was none other than Margery Bell. They both greeted Clarence heartily, telling him how proud they were of him.

Rowdy felt strangely embarrassed. He had not seen much of Margery Bell since the day he had quarrelled with Clarence at Mrs. Dey's musical. Mrs. Dey greeted Rowdy in her kind, friendly way, and he was at ease in a moment. She had words of praise for him as well as for Clarence, and asked Professor Williams if he were not proud of his boys.

Margery Bell turned to Rowdy and shook hands with him cordially and told him how glad they all were to find that he was alive and had done so well.

Rowdy, who was generally so ready of speech, felt awkward and abashed, and said but little.

Clarence talked to her as easily and frankly as if she were his sister as they went down the broad stairway laughing together. Rowdy would like to have been the one going down with her, but he walked with Mrs. Dey and Professor

Williams to learn something of Alfred and of Eugene Sands.

When the party were seating themselves at one of the tables in the gay dining-room, the botanist who urged Professor Williams to leave the boys and go to the Philippines with him spied them and came toward them.

After exchanging greetings, Professor Gregg asked Professor Williams where he had come from?

"From South America," answered the Professor. "And you?"

"From Alaska," said Professor Gregg; adding quickly, "Did you find any new specimens?"

"Yes; found two I'd lost track of," answered Professor Williams, his eyes twinkling.

"That so? That so?" repeated Professor Gregg, nodding his head and hitting his thumb nail with his eye-glasses. "What are they?"

"The most interesting specimens in the world," said Professor Williams, earnestly, although his eyes were laughing.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Professor Gregg. "You don't mean to say that you have discovered——"

"Two boys," interrupted Professor Williams, merrily.

"Boys!" echoed Professor Gregg, making no effort to conceal his disappointment. "What kind?" he queried.

"This kind," said Professor Williams, standing between Rowdy and Clarence, and hooking each one by the arm with his strong hands.

"Ah! I see the joke," said Professor Gregg, testily. "I remember now," he added, not unkindly, as his withered face softened a shade. "You thought you 'd lost one. They are fine specimens," he admitted patronizingly, turning his spectacles on the happy faces of Rowdy and Clarence.

"Yes; two of the best," answered Professor Williams, affectionately drawing the boys closer to him.

THE END.

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